

PLAYS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

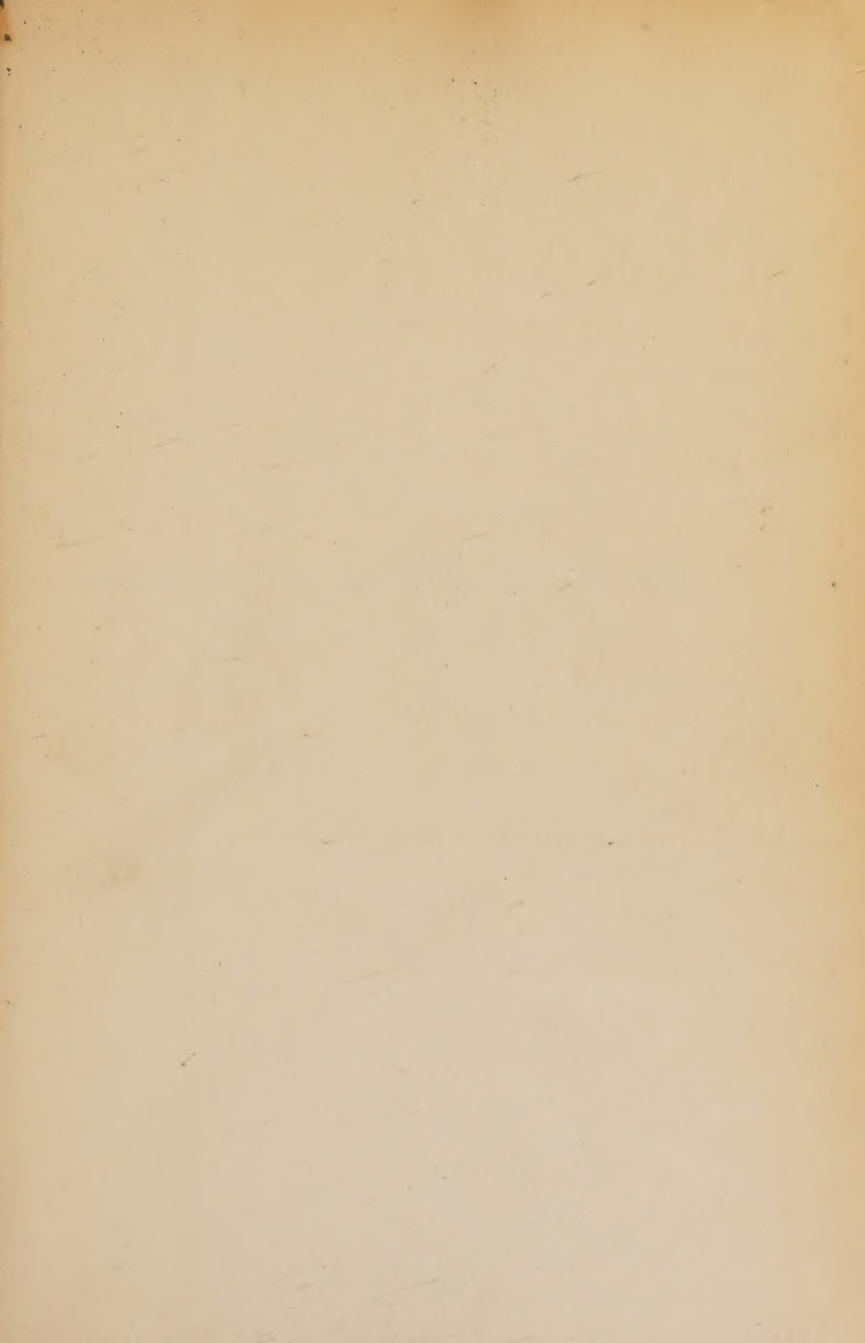


ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS
MARGARET KNOX

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PLAYS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

By ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS
AND MARGARET KNOX

PLAYS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

NEW PLAYS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

THE RAINY DAY BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

STORY AND PLAY READERS (3 volumes)

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DRAMATIC CLUB OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 15, NEW YORK, IN THE PLAY
"THE FAIRY MINSTREL OF GLENMALUR." "

The picture shows the simplicity of the costumes required. See page XIII of Introduction.

PLAYS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

EDITED BY

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Director of the Dramatic Club, Public School No. 15,
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WITH INTRODUCTION BY

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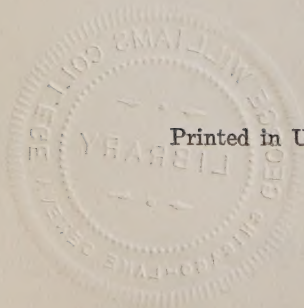
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DEDICATION

We dedicate this book to all children who love a good story, with this message: If you would become better and better acquainted with your favorite heroes and heroines in fiction and history, be the hero—act your part and act it well, and by-and-by you will find yourself growing into the finer qualities of the character you love and growing out of the uglinesses of the character that you despise.

Make your hero a real person. Be the hero yourself. "Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

MARGARET KNOX,

ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS.

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INTRODUCTION

DRAMATIC WORK FOR CHILDREN. ITS PLACE IN THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

BY MARGARET KNOX

I have often been asked questions of this sort:

How do you teach your children to speak so well? Their pronunciation is correct, their enunciation is clear, and their voices well modulated and truly expressive.

Why is it that the boys and girls talk so intelligently in the classroom during a history, or geography, or English literature and composition period?

How do you train your children to be so self-contained and at ease when meeting strangers; and during recitation periods in classrooms, and in assembly entertainment?

Why is it that in none of your classes does there seem to be any of the old drill in facts, and forms, but rather that there is always a happy, pleasing spirit of interest and enthusiasm which makes the lesson periods fly fast?

How do you have time for dramatic work, plays, and pageants? They are so difficult to teach and so troublesome to prepare and the requirements of our Course of Study are so many.

It is in answer to questions of this kind that we have been persuaded to gather together these dramatic exercises of our school and to send them out with an explanatory chapter or

foreword as their introduction to the teachers and children of all elementary schools.

Some time ago in my practical experience in teaching reading to little children I felt the tedium and the drudgery of it all. I was sorry to see the little tots sitting quietly in their stiff little benches, dull and repressed, and painfully toiling over such a story as this: "See the cat. It is my cat. It is a black cat. It is my black cat. My cat is a good black cat."

The neat little book containing page after page of this sort of text attracted the children for a day or two, only because they were reading out of a book for themselves; but oh, how soon the interest flagged and the little tired faces turned longingly toward the window or anywhere away from the book and the lesson!

Then began the awakening process, the carrying into effect an idea that had been for a long time striving to make itself known, so that children could learn to read more easily and would love to read more generally.

Contrast the page of reading just cited with one on which "Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle." caught the child's eye; or, "Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been? I've been to London to see the Queen"; or, "I love little pussy, her coat is so warm." Can you see at once the difference in the children's attitude toward reading lessons? Can you not readily believe that the dull repetition of "the cat, the black cat, my cat," is a sorry sort of thing to put before a child when we have literature of the Mother Goose type, enough to fill the children's primers for all time?

With such stories illustrated with that cat and laughing dog and the dish and spoon running off, reading time becomes play time. The class no longer yawns and looks longingly away from its book; and, if in addition to all the fun

of picture and story the children are allowed to be, and to do the things themselves, then, indeed, we have found "the royal road" to learning to read.

When the children can choose to be the cat, and the fiddle, and the cow, and the moon, and the dog, and the dish, and the spoon, and can do the running and jumping and the laughing, it is only a little by-play to find the words that suit the action and the names belonging to the actors; and in this way the printed page becomes the real drama and the children go often and gladly to the theater.

Such was the origin of "Dramatics" in a big school of little children. The idea grew and grew, so that not only kindergartners and teachers of the first-year classes found this way of teaching reading successful, but the upper grade teachers too found that the mechanics of the printed page, word recognition, spelling, pronunciation, punctuation, all were made easier when the children had the context well in mind and could tell in their own words or action what the words of the page before them were trying to say.

From the study of this play spirit or dramatic instinct, if it may be called so, that exists in every child, we found that every succeeding class enjoyed dramatization of their reader stories just as much as the first year babies enjoyed being the Mother Goose people.

It is now a common thing to find the classes taking their own reader stories and selecting the characters, assigning each part to the boy or girl who is most suited to it. "You must be the giant because you are big," or, "You must be Goldilocks because you have golden hair," or, "You must be the tiny bear because you have a tiny voice;"—these are the things that even the little children say without any suggestion from the teacher.

When you come into a fourth-year class and find the whole

room laughing until they cry, and altogether happy in playing scenes from "Alice in Wonderland," during a reading period; or, grave and subdued in acting the "Hiawatha" famine scene, in a fifth-year class, you will understand what it means to make use of this dramatic instinct; for here so much more is accomplished than the mere reading of the story,—lives are lived and the emotional side to the child nature is properly trained.

Every subject taught becomes alive and interesting when the children are led to see that the thoughts of the printed page came from the mind of some thinker; that the facts of history are not dead things, but that this king, or general, or citizen, said and thought, and so history was written.

"In 1492 Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, Italy, discovered America."

"In 1620 Plymouth, Massachusetts, was settled by the Puritans from England."

These are facts in history which, in my day as a child in school, were memorized from a long chronological table appended to a text-book of history almost as dry and uninteresting as the table itself.

Now with the aid of dramatic teaching you find the children going to the library, searching for literature, poetry and song and prose concerning Columbus and his doings. You see a group of boys and girls at the Museum of Art studying Brozik's great picture of Columbus before the Court of Spain; you find the children themselves selecting from among their classmates those whose appearance and traits best express the characters of the actors in the history lesson and you find the great historical drama being enacted once more by the children.

They thrill you, and they thrill themselves, as they give expression to Columbus' great, patient, indomitable courage

in handling his mutinous crew, to the gentle Isabella's uncertainty, and reluctance to let such an opportunity slip out of the grasp of Spain, and then her self-sacrifice in pledging her jewels in order to obtain money for carrying out this, perhaps, mad experiment, to the savage's worshipful awe as he falls before the white-faced angels who have come upon his shores as if from heaven.

In this thrill, that the children get themselves, is found the true value of dramatic teaching. Every thrill of this kind awakens new power in the child that feels it. For the time being the children are the characters that they portray, and such understanding must necessarily broaden and deepen and inspire their own lives to bigger and better things both morally and mentally.

As an aid in formal teaching or instruction, dramatization cannot be overestimated. I shall describe how its use in a class of girls of the higher grades, ages twelve to fourteen, influences the teaching of formal English composition as well as history.

Several classes in charge of the same teacher are studying English literature, composition, and English history.

To some of the classes has been given the task of writing a composition that will be descriptive and narrative in form. They are to select one of the queens of England as their theme.

All the girls write compositions of this character and as they are criticised and corrected in class the best are laid aside for impersonation either by the writer, or by some girl chosen by her classmates for her dramatic ability.

Queens Elizabeth, Anne, Mary, and Victoria are chosen to be the characters in the play. Their time and the customs are closely studied. Each group of girls prepares the costume and setting for the queen written about. There

are visits to the libraries and museums for information as to costume and equipment. The girls themselves prepare the setting, the teacher taking care to keep it historically correct.

To one of the classes is given the task of writing a formal expository composition that will introduce these queens and tell of their influence on England's history. To another class is given the task of writing a composition that will close the play.

The same plan is followed here, all the girls write on this subject and in class they are read for criticism and correction and the best selected. Here the teacher in every instance has an enthusiastic audience which attentively listens and learns what good English composition is and what is meant by a prologue and an epilogue.

After this the class prepares the play for presentation. A book of old English rimes is found with jingles concerning all the English monarchs. These, recited by the entire class, serve nicely to introduce the different periods of history and the queen who typifies the time.

The play is ready now, and in the classroom, or in the assembly hall, the children give it. In doing so they have learned and will teach to their audience many lessons that might have been taught by drill in memorizing facts and writing forms; but, how much better the facts and forms are remembered and what a good time all the children have had while they were learning them.

Note the influence of such teaching upon the entire formal work of the classes taking part. History with all its dry facts—Spanish Armada, religious controversies and decisions, The Bill of Rights,—becomes intelligible and real to children. As they turn to the libraries and museums for help in getting these facts, they learn how to use the books

and other material placed at their command; they are taught how to look for information and thus are trained in research and reference work for any subject which in later life they may take up either for profit or pleasure.

Composition, in all its forms, is placed before the children, but not until they have happily, and for the fun of the thing, experimented in writing those forms. Narration, description, exposition—all have been explained and contrasted and tried. Prose gives place to poetry, and prologues and epilogues are written and understood. The jingles brought into use encourage the children to write rimes and jingles themselves.

In preparing the play for presentation before the assembled school the children have ample practice in designing and making the simple costumes which they are to wear. How much better for Manual Training as found in our Course of Study to sew and design such things, than to baste and hem and fell long, uninteresting strips of material that will not be used except as samples of girls' ability to stitch nicely.

With this explanation of one play prepared by the children themselves while working diligently under their teacher's careful instruction in English composition, history, and manual training, I am sure you will agree that "the play's the thing to catch" the mind as well as the heart of the child.

"The Queens of England," written by the seventh and eighth-year girls, found in this volume, is the play described.

Another result of this special dramatic exercise was the writing of "The Jingle Book for the Presidents of the United States," by the eighth-year girls, a little later. Extracts from it are given below.

PRESIDENT GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1789-1797

In seventeen eighty-nine he came,
With all the honor and the fame;
He took the first presidential chair,
And him the people did declare
President of this Republic twice,
And they did wish to have him thrice,
He who many victories won,
The brave and generous Washington.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, 1825-1829

John Quincy Adams comes next to claim
What seems to be every statesman's aim.
He was the sixth to come in line
From eighteen twenty-five to 'nine.
In his one term's administration
He did much to help the nation,
Unpopular as president, but stern and just,
He won of friend and foe their trust.

Note historical facts given in the following one as well as the brave effort at riming.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1861-1865

Born in a lowly cabin among the woods,
He worked, he aimed, he won his fame,
Our sixteenth president beloved by young and old the same,
Many a mother had he comforted in pain,
When her sons in death on a battlefield had lain.
On Gettysburg field when Lincoln spoke
Every heart was aching, every eye overflowing, every throat
was choked.
His face was homely but his beautiful soul

Shone through his eyes as bright as a jewel;
He tore asunder the bonds which kept our country with a
stain,
The slavery that gave his heart its greatest pain.
His glorious sacrificing life was ended by an enemy's hand,
And people mourned for him all over the land.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 1901-1909

TEDDY OF THE JUNGLE

Ha, here is a tale of rough-rider's trail,
At San Juan's Hill he met them in warrior's mail,
And defeated the dusky Spaniards there.
Then the Republicans thought a president he would make
On whom they could their honor stake.
When he finished his term and it was time to vacate
To the jungle he went to recreate.

Another instance may make clear to my fellow teachers the influence of dramatics upon the regular school work. I relate here a conversation that I heard recently.

A group of teachers and a layman, interested in making the schools under his charge better, were a short time ago visiting a class in history. The subject under consideration was New England colonial government and the dramatic incident of the lesson was the hiding of the charter of Connecticut in the oak tree while Governor Andros argued and stormed and demanded its surrender.

The children who had prepared their history lesson at home from text-books, had found a little play depicting the whole scene. They gave this in the classroom in dramatic form. Speeches were made on both sides; the teacher's desk was used as the council table, candles were placed

upon it and at the proper time they were blown out and the bit of yellow paper which represented the charter under dispute was lost in the hubbub and confusion of the darkness.

Altogether the lesson in history was so emphasized that I am sure no one, child or adult, who was present could ever forget the facts and their meaning, nor can it be doubted that the children got the whole atmosphere and setting of colonial life in those days.

Outside the classroom afterward the layman said, "That was a fine play. The children know how to speak and how to look angry and to govern, but what has all this to do with learning their lesson? You said I was to see history taught. Is that teaching? They seemed only to play."

A famous teacher who was present, putting his hand on the other's shoulder said, "You have seen to-day the difference between formal teaching and real 'education' of the child; *e-duco*—I lead forth, that which is within. That teacher was leading the children out and on and on into self-expression. All the instruction of a life-time will not be worth while unless the one so instructed can give out again in fuller measure what has been poured in. So it is that 'Knowledge grows from more to more.' The children in that class are being educated. Would that there were more teachers who understood how to do this kind of teaching!"

In my estimation this dramatic instinct that is in every child is one of the greatest powers in helping the teacher to educate the children in her charge.

Our aim has been not only to train the children to read, write, and speak the English language well, but, we have kept constantly before us the higher aim of attaining fine

rich culture, and the building up of a well disciplined, worthy character.

We feel that this sort of development is most beautifully rounded out when the emotional and spiritual nature of the child finds an outlet for self-expression. When the child can be Alice in Wonderland, or Little Lord Fauntleroy, or merry Master Skylark, or Skylark's stern father or gentle mother, we are providing the opportunity for this letting out of self. The child lives the life of the character he is representing and learns the lessons of life through these experiences.

It has become the custom therefore in all English work and for celebrations of all anniversaries to encourage the children to tell the stories themselves in play and pageant. We encourage as many teachers and children as possibly can to take part in the preparation of these entertainments, and I think that in this hearty, pleasant coöperation of all in carrying out the requirements of our Course of Study is found the success that we may have attained in the teaching of English.

This volume of plays and pageants and pantomime stories is a selection from many that have been used from time to time in our school. The setting and accompanying directions with each play will make it easy for the teachers who have thought that they have no ability in this line to try again, and not only to get up dramatic performances for the special anniversaries celebrating some event in history, or for graduation day exercises, but it will perhaps lead them to educate their children to dramatize stories of fact and fancy, and perhaps write original plays for themselves.

This sort of work trains children in habits of efficiency and economy. It has a great moral effect. Children learn

to think quickly and logically. They also learn to be good tempered and unselfish. There is no harder lesson for a child to learn than that of giving up a desired part to another who can do it better.

In staging the play the teacher should guard against any unnecessary expense, and even though there is money to be had for costumes and decorations it is much better to use the crude and rude equipment at hand. This removes any tendency toward developing self-consciousness or vanity in the young players.

Queen Elizabeth robed in an old dress belonging to her mother, with a paper ruff, and a crown made of book-linen studded with bright colored beads for gems, is quite different from the girl robed in the specially made queen's costume in all its gorgeous tinsel and finery; the one is the historical character portrayed by an intelligent child eager to express the moods and tempers of this interesting woman of history, the other is a puppet, a child, vain and self-conscious, whose thoughts are on herself, her dress, and the impression that her own appearance is making upon the audience.

All these things, the training in habits of efficiency, economy, unselfishness, ingenuity, are the valuable assets to be found in using the dramatic instinct for educational purposes.

This book aims to show how this training can be given, how these habits can be acquired.

MARGARET KNOX

Public School No. 15,
Borough of Manhattan,
New York City,
December, 1914.

MASTER SKYLARK

A Dramatization of the Book by JOHN BENNETT. Prepared for the
Use of Elementary Schools in New York City by ANNA M.

LÜTKENHAUS, Director of the Dramatic Club of
Public School 15, Borough of Manhattan.

CHARACTERS

MASTER SKYLARK (Nick Attwood)

MR. ATTWOOD, father of Master Skylark

MRS. ATTWOOD, mother of Master Skylark

MASTER-PLAYER and other players

WILL SHAKESPEARE

BEN JONSON

CICELY

FRIENDS of Will Shakespeare

BOYS of Singing School in London

QUEEN ELIZABETH and courtiers, etc.

Time: 1596. Place: Stratford-upon-Avon;
 London.

Time required for production, forty-five minutes.

MASTER SKYLARK

FIRST SCENE

[*Near Attwood Cottage, in Stratford. Boys standing, watching and listening.*]

HERALD. The Master-Players come to Stratford Town.

NICK ATTWOOD. They 're coming, Robin—hark ye to the trampling!

OTHER BOYS. [*Jumping up on fence.*] They 're coming! they 're coming! they 're coming!

ANOTHER BOY. [*Running up.*] Who? Who?

A BOY. Did you not hear? At dawn the Oxford carrier brought the news. The players of the Lord High Admiral are coming to Stratford out of London, from the South, to play on May-day here.

BOYS. They 're coming!

A BOY. [*Running before the players.*] There 's a lot of them and oh, the bravest banners and attire—and the trumpets are a cloth-yard long!

PLAYERS. [*Orchestra plays. Singing.*]

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up!

MASTER SKYLARK

The wild birds sing,
The dun deer spring,
The forest aisles with music ring!
Tantara, tantara, tantara!
Then ride along, ride along!

[Boys follow around the stage after the players, and then follow them out.]

SECOND SCENE

HERALD. Nick Attwood (Master Skylark) is refused permission to attend the play.

[NICK runs in and stumbles.]

FATHER. What madcap folly art thou up to now?
[Angrily.]

NICK. I be up to no folly at all.

FATHER. Then be about thy business!

NICK. I have been about my business, sir: I have carried out the old, foul rushes, and prepared the room just as ye told me to do.

MOTHER. [Puts arm around NICK.] Thou art mine own good little son, and I shall bake thee a cake on the morrow for thy May-day feast.

NICK. [Eagerly.] The Lord High Admiral's Company is to act a stage-play at the guild-hall to-morrow before Master Davenant and the Mayor and town-burgesses.

MOTHER. What will they play?

NICK. I can not say surely, mother—"Tamburlane," or perhaps "The Troublesome Reign of Old King John." The play will be free, father; may I go?

FATHER. And lose thy time from school?

NICK. There is no school to-morrow, sir.

FATHER. Then have ye naught to do, but waste the day in idle folly?

MOTHER. It is May-day, Simon, and a bit of pleasure—

FATHER. Pleasure? If he does not find pleasure in his work, his book, and his home, he shall not seek it of low rogues.

MOTHER. But, Simon, surely they are not all graceless! Since mine own cousin, Anne Hathaway, married Will Shakespeare, the play-actor, 'tis scarcely kind to call all players rogues.

FATHER. No more o' this, Margaret! Thou art ever too ready with the boy's part against me. He shall not go—so that is all there is about it. [*Goes abruptly out.*]

NICK. [*With clenched fist.*] Mother,—

MOTHER. [*Softly.*] Nicholas?

NICK. But, mother, surely it cannot be wrong, when the Queen—

MOTHER. To honor thy father? Nay, lad, it is thy bounden duty.

NICK. Mother, are you an angel come down out of Heaven?

MOTHER. Nay, I be only the everyday mother of a fierce little son who hath many a hard, hard lesson to learn.

THIRD SCENE

HERALD. Nick runs away and meets the Master-Player.

ROBIN. [*One of the schoolboys.*] Oh, Nick, such goings-on! Stratford Council has had a quarrel, and there 's to be no stage-play after all.

NICK. What!

ROBIN. I heard my father talking about it. They were not served quickly enough at the inn and seized the order of Sir Thomas. Some drew swords. Sir Edward sprang up and said it was a shame to behave so outrageously in Will Shakespeare's own town, and Sir Thomas swore that all stage-players were rogues and Will Shakespeare neither more nor less than a deer-stealing scape-gallus!

NICK. Surely he did not say that in the Stratford Council!

ROBIN. Ay, but he did. And the Master-Player sprang upon the table and said that Will Shakespeare was his very own true friend and the sweetest fellow in all England, and threw his glove in one of their faces. Then Sir Thomas refused them license to play here. And Master John Shakespeare said there would be plenty of trouble when he sent word to his son Will and the Lord High Admiral of London.

NICK. But where did they go?

ROBIN. To Coventry, the next town,—and left the master-player behind in gaol. But this morning they cooled, and were in a pretty stew for fear of giving offense to the Lord Admiral,—and so they gave him his freedom and a chain beside.

NICK. Whee-ew!—I wish I were a master-player!

ROBIN. He swore he would be revenged on Stratford Town, and that he would walk the whole distance rather than use one of the horses that the burgesses sent him.

NICK. Is he at the inn? Why, let's go down and see him!

ANOTHER BOY. Master Brunswood says he will birch whoever comes late.

NICK. Birch? Why he does nothing but birch! A fellow cannot say his verbs without catching it! As for cases—not without a downright thrashing! I shall not stand it any longer, I'll run away!

BOY. [*Laughing.*] And when the skies fall we'll catch sparrows. Whither shall you run?

NICK. [*Defiantly.*] To Coventry, after the stage-players. [*Boys laugh.*] You think I shall not. Well, I'll show you. There are bluebells blowing in the dingles, and while you are all grinding at your old grammar I shall be roaming over the hills. Ay, I shall be out where the birds can sing and the grass is green, and I shall see the stage-play.

ANOTHER BOY. [*Mockingly.*] We shall have but bread and milk and you will have—a most glorious thrashing from your father when you come home to-morrow night.

NICK. 'T is a thrashing either way. Father will thrash

me if I run away and Master Brunswood will thrash me if I don't. If I must take a thrashing, I'll have my good day's game out first. [*Starts to go away.*]

ROBIN. [*Running after him.*] But are you really going to Coventry?

NICK. Ay truly, Robin, that I am. [*Runs out. Boys go off stage talking excitedly.*]

NICK. [*Comes back, singing.*]

List to the skylark, o'er the meadows winging,
Message of happiness to the earth 't is bringing;
Joy bells are ringing, caroling, swinging,
Vanished is every sadness:
List to the skylark, o'er the meadows winging,
Message of gladness to the earth 't is bringing.*

FOURTH SCENE

[*NICK singing.*]

MASTER-PLAYER. My soul, my soul, it is the boy! Upon my heart, he has a skylark prisoned in his throat! Well sung, Master Skylark! Where did you learn that song?

NICK. [*Hat off, and gazing with all admiration at MASTER-PLAYER.*] Mother taught me part and the rest just came, I think, sir. But, but, ye surely, sir, are the master-player!

MASTER-PLAYER. A murrain on that town of Stratford, but vengeance will be mine. [*Changing voice to a gentle tone.*] Nay, lad, look not so dashed. That is only the

* Chopin's "Spring Song." Words by Louis C. Elson. (Adapted.) From the New Ed. Music Course, Teachers' Edition for Elementary Grades.

mighty tragic style. Be known to me, lad; what is your name? I like your open, pretty face.

NICK. Nick Attwood is my name, sir.

MASTER-PLAYER. Nick Attwood, a good name! And you are a good fellow, and I love you. So you are going to Coventry to see the fellows act? Come, I am going to join my mates. You will stay with us and dine with us?

NICK. Indeed, sir, I shall, and that right gladly!

MASTER-PLAYER. [*Laughing.*] Put on your cap, we are but two good faring fellows here. [*Looks back.*] Upon my word yours is as fair a town as the heart of man could wish. Wish?—I wish it were sunken in the sea!

NICK. [*Sings a few lines of song.*]

MASTER-PLAYER. [*Thinking deeply. Suddenly slaps thigh.*] I'll do it. I'll do it if I dance on air for it! I'll have it out of canting Stratford Town. It is the very thing. His eyes are like twin holidays, and he breathes the breath of spring.—Nicholas—Nicholas Skylark—Master Skylark—why it is the very name! I'll do it—

NICK. [*Timidly.*] Did you speak to me, sir?

MASTER-PLAYER. Nay, lad.

NICK. What will you play for the Mayor's play, sir?

MASTER-PLAYER. I don't know, it will all be done before I come. They had the free play to-day to catch the pence of May-day crowd to-morrow.

NICK. [*Stopping; eyes filling with tears.*] I thought the free play would be on the morrow—and now I have not a farthing to go in.

MASTER-PLAYER. [*Laughing.*] Tut, tut, you silly lad!

Am I your friend for nothing? Why, Nick, I love you, lad. You shall have a part in the play to-morrow, I shall teach it to you.

NICK. What, Master Carew, I—truly? With the Lord Admiral's Players?

MASTER-PLAYER. Why surely! and here is Coventry and here are the other players.

PLAYERS. [*They shout and clap at the sight of MASTER-PLAYER.*]

MASTER-PLAYER. Thanks for these kind plaudits, gentle friends. I have returned.

PLAYER. Yes, we see you have.

MASTER-PLAYER. You see I have left the spoiler spoiled.—Be known, be known all! Gentlemen, my Lord Admiral's Players, Master Nicholas Skylark, the sweetest singer in all the Kingdom of England! [*Men laugh and wink at each other.*] No jest, gentlemen. He has a sweeter voice than Cyril Davy's, and he shall sing at our play to-morrow!

PLAYER. To-morrow?

MASTER-PLAYER. Yes, and I shall teach him some lines and then [*turning to NICK,*] we shall teach you to dance.

NICK. Dance?

MASTER-PLAYER. Like this—[*Dances, with other players keeping time with him.*] And now for some wine. [*As they start out, NICK stops the MASTER-PLAYER.*]

NICK. And to-morrow night I must walk back to my mother.

MASTER-PLAYER. Walk? Nay, Nicholas, you shall ride back to-morrow to Stratford like a very king. [NICK *goes out.*]

A PLAYER. [*Angrily.*] I shall have no hand in this affair, Gat Carew!

MASTER-PLAYER. Hold thy blabbing tongue, Heywood!
[*Exeunt.*]

FIFTH SCENE

HERALD. Nick's father hears that he has gone with the players.

MR. ATTWOOD. Robin Getley, was my son with you overnight?

ROBIN. Nay, Master Attwood. Has he not come back?

MR. ATTWOOD. Come back? From where? [ROBIN *hesitates.*] From where? Come, boy!

ANOTHER BOY. He went to see the player, sir. He said he would bide with his uncle overnight and he said he wished he were the Master-Player.

MR. ATTWOOD. [*Very angrily, turns to a man.*] Were you in Coventry, May-day?

MAN. Is it Nicholas you seek? Why, sir, he 's gone and got famous, sir. He sang there with the Lord High Admiral's Players; and sir, you 'd scarce believe it, but peo-

ple went just daft to hear him sing, sir. They say, he has gone to London with them.

MRS. ATTWOOD. [*Running to meet him.*] Nicholas?

MR. ATTWOOD. Never speak to me of him again. He has gone his own wilful way, let him follow it to the end! He has gone away with a pack of stage-playing rascals and vagabonds, whither no man knoweth.

[*All pass out, MRS. ATTWOOD heartbroken.*]

SIXTH SCENE

HERALD. Nick is stolen by the players.

[*At the MASTER-PLAYER'S house in London. NICK, sitting, the picture of despair, in a big chair. CICELY, the PLAYER'S daughter, comes in.*]

CICELY. Boy, boy, where are your manners? [NICK bows.] Why, boy, you are a very pretty fellow. You look like a good boy! Why will you be so bad and break my father's heart?

NICK. [*Stammering.*] Break your father's heart? Prithee, who is your father, Mistress Princess?

CICELY. Nay. I am no princess. I am Cicely Carew.

NICK. [*Clenching his fists.*] Cicely Carew? Are you the daughter of that wicked man, Gaston Carew?

CICELY. [*Passionately.*] My father is not wicked! You shall not say that—I will not speak with you at all.

NICK. I do not care! If Master Gaston Carew is your father, he is the wickedest man in the world!

CICELY. [*Stamping her foot.*] Fie, for shame! How dare you say such a thing?

NICK. [*Indignantly and choking with emotion.*] He has stolen me from home, and I shall never see my mother any more!

CICELY. [*Coming over and patting his head.*] There, don't cry! My father will send you home to your mother, I know, for he is very kind and good. Some one has lied to you about him. Are you hungry? There is a pasty and a cake in the buttery, and you shall have it if you will not cry any more. Come, I cannot bear to see you cry,—it makes me weep myself, and that will blear mine eyes, and father will feel badly. Come, [*holding out hand*] 'tis I should weep, not you; for my mother is dead. I do not think I ever saw her that I know, for she was a French-woman who served a murdered queen, and she was the loveliest woman that ever lived. But I am a right English girl for all that, and when they shout "God save the Queen" at the play, I do too! And, boy, it is a brave thing to hear! It drove the Spaniards off the sea, my father often says.

NICK. Pooh! They cannot beat us Englishmen! Do you truly think your father will let me go?

CICELY. Of course he will, I cannot see why you do hate him so.

NICK. Why, truly, perhaps it is not your father that I hate, but only that he will not let me go,—and if he would, perhaps I'd love him very much indeed. [MASTER-PLAYER *has come softly in.*]

MASTER-PLAYER. Good, Nick! thou art a trump! Come,

lad, your hand. [*Holding out both hands to NICK.*] 'T is spoken like a gentleman. Nay, I shall kiss you, for I love you, Nick, upon my word, and on the remnant of mine honor! [*Takes NICK's hand and kisses him on the forehead.*]

CICELY. Father, have you forgotten me?

MASTER-PLAYER. Nay, sweetheart, nay. [*Places arm around her.*]

CICELY. [*Patting his cheek.*] Father, some one has told him naughty things about you. Come, daddy, say they are not so.

MASTER-PLAYER. [*Uneasily coughing.*] Why, of course they 're not.

CICELY. There, boy! I told you so. Why, daddy, they said that you had stolen him away from his own mother, and would not let him go. You 'll send him home again, daddy, will you not?

MASTER-PLAYER. [*Nervously.*] Yes, yes, why to be sure,—we 'll send him anywhere you say, Goldenheart,—but he is to sing for our good Queen Bess, first.

NICK. But will you truly let me go?

MASTER-PLAYER. Yes, yes. But stay a while with Cicely and me,—we shall make you a right welcome guest.

CICELY. [*Clapping her hands.*] Oh, do stay. I am so lonely. And do you truly, truly sing?

MASTER-PLAYER. Ay, like a skylark. He will often sing for you.

SEVENTH SCENE

HERALD. The other players object to Nick's being kept from his mother.

A PLAYER. I hear the "Master Skylark" has twice tried to escape. He tried to reach his cousin Will Shakespeare.

ANOTHER PLAYER. Carew is having him taught at the school—Cathedral School of Music and Acting—the precentor is wild over him.

MASTER HEYWOOD. He told me he was to go home soon. [*Turning to the MASTER-PLAYER, who had come in.*] Carew, how can you have the heart?

MASTER-PLAYER. Come, Heywood, I have heard enough of this. Will you please to mind your own affairs! [*Places hand on poniard.*]

HEYWOOD. How, quarrel with me, Carew? What ugly poison has been filtered through your wits. Quarrel with me, who has shared your every trouble, even—

MASTER-PLAYER. [*Sadly.*] Don't, don't, Tom.

HEYWOOD. Then how can you have the heart?

MASTER-PLAYER. [*Bitterly.*] 'Tis not the heart, Tom, 't is the head. For, Tom, I cannot let him go. Have you not heard him sing? Why, Tom, it is worth a thousand pounds. How can I let him go?

HEYWOOD. Oh, fie, for shame upon the man I took thee for!

MASTER-PLAYER. But, Tom, look it straightly in the face, —I am no such player as I was. This reckless life has done

the trick for me,—and there's Cicely too, and I shall be gone. Nay, no more of it, I cannot let him go. [*All pass out.*]

EIGHTH SCENE

HERALD. Nick, and a few boys from the Cathedral School, sing before Queen Elizabeth.

A BOY. Ho, Boy! Master Skylark! Nick, the news, the news. Have you heard the news? [OTHER BOYS, *pushing and talking.*] We are going to court! Hurrah! Hurrah! The Queen has sent for us. You are to sing.

NICK. The Queen—has sent for us?

ALL. Ay, sent for us to come to court! Hurrah for Queen Bess! [*Run out shouting.*]

[*Orchestra plays. Trumpets blow. QUEEN ELIZABETH and COURTIERS pass in. The QUEEN gives signal for the children to come forward.*]

PROMPTER. Rafe Fullerton.

RAFE. It is a masque of Summertime and Spring, wherein both claim to be best loved. They have their say of wit and humor, and each her part of songs and dances suited to her time, the sprightly galliard and the nimble jig for Spring, the slow pavone, the stately peacock dance, for Summertime. And win who may, fair Summertime or merry Spring, the winner is but that beside our Queen! [*Snapping his fingers.*] God save Queen Bess! [*Court laughs and claps.*]

NICK AND COLLEY. [*With a garland of flowers about them. They sing a Spring Song.*]

NICK. [*Sings Skylark Song.*]

QUEEN. It is a good song, there are no songs like the English songs—there is no spring like an English spring—there is no land like England, *my* England! I will speak with these lads. [BOYS *kneel before* QUEEN.]

[*Touching their shoulders.*] Stand, dear lads, be lifted up by your own singing, as our hearts have been lifted by your song. And name me the price of that same song; 't was sweeter than the sweetest song we ever heard before. [*Touching COLLEY on the cheek.*] Come, what will you have of me, fair one?

COLLEY. That I may stay in the palace forever and sing for your Majesty.

QUEEN. Now, that is right prettily asked. You shall indeed stay for a singing-page in our household,—a voice and a face like yours are merry things upon a rainy Monday. And you, Master Lark, you that come up out of the field with a song like those the angels sing, what will you have, that you may sing in our choir and play on the lute for us?

NICK. That I may go to my mother. Let me go home.

QUEEN. Surely, boy, this is an ill-considered speech, or else this home of yours must be a very famous place. [*Court laughs, which makes NICK angry.*]

NICK. I would rather be there than here.

QUEEN. You are more curt than courteous. Is it not good enough for you here?

NICK. I could not live in such a place.

QUEEN. In such a place? These others find no fault with the life.

NICK. Then they be born to it, or they could not abide it,—no more than I; they would not fit. [*Court laughs.*] I could not sleep in the bed last night—it was a very good bed, your majesty—but the mattress puffed up like a cloud in a bag, and almost smothered me, and it was so hot that it gave me a fever.

QUEEN. [*Laughing.*] Upon my word it is an odd skylark that cannot sleep in feathers. But there are acres to spare—you shall have your pick; come, we are ill used to begging people to be favored—you 'll stay?

NICK. [*Shakes his head.*]

QUEEN. It is a queer fancy makes a face at such pleasant dwelling! What is it sticks in your throat? [*Taps with her fan.*] You are bedazzled. Think twice. Consider well. Come, will you accept? [NICK *shakes his head.*] . . . [*Angrily.*] Go then. [*Pulls COLLEY toward her.*] Your comrade has more wit!

NICK. He has no mother. I should rather have my mother than his wit.

QUEEN. [*Softly.*] You are no fool, or if you are I like the breed. It is a stubborn froward dog, but Hold-fast is his name. Ay, sirs, [*looking at Court*] Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is better. A lad who loves his mother thus makes a man who loves his native land,—and it 's no bad streak in the blood. Master Skylark, you shall have your wish, to your home you shall go this very night. You may kiss my hand.

[*Music and horn while QUEEN and Court, followed by children, pass out.*]

NINTH SCENE

HERALD. After the Master-Player is sent
to prison for killing a man, Nick and
Cicely come back to Stratford
Town.

CICELY. Nick, what is that?

NICK. A bird.

CICELY. A truly bird! O, Nick, when will my father come? It seems so long since those men came and took him away, and they would not let me go to him. And then you told me your cousin, Will Shakespeare, had seen you and promised to take you home. Then we ran away together, because that bad man, who hated my father, tried to take me; and are we near Stratford, Nick?

NICK. Here is a chance to stay for the night, and to-morrow we shall be in Stratford. Good e'en, good folk. We need somewhat to eat and we want a place to sleep. The beds must be right clean—we have good appetites. If you can do for us, we will dance anything you may desire—the Queen's own measure, the new *Allemande*. Which does it please you, mistresses?

ONE OF THE WOMEN. La, Joan, he calls you mistress! Speak up.

NICK. Or if you will, the little maid shall dance the *coranto* for you, straight from my Lord Chancellor's dancing-master.

ANOTHER WOMAN. Why hark ye—they do look clean-like! I'll do for them to-night, so now, dears, now let's see the Lord Chancellor's tantrums.

NICK. 'T is not tantrums, goody, but a *coranto*.

WOMAN. La! young master.

NICK. Now, Cicely. [CICELY *dances*. NICK *hums and snaps fingers for time*.]

WOMAN. La me! she does not even touch the ground. [Turning toward large stout girl.] Doll, why can't you do that? [Others *laugh*.]

DOLL. Tut, I have no wings in my feet.

CICELY. [Running to NICK.] Was it all right?

NICK. Right? It was better than you ever did. See, they are motioning to us to come in.

TENTH SCENE

HERALD. Nick's father refuses to receive him until Will Shakespeare intercedes.

At last Nick gets back to his mother.

NICK. See, there is the smoke from our house. It is my father, Cicely. [Laughs.] Father! Father!

MR. ATTWOOD. Are you calling me?

NICK. Why, father, do you not know me? 'T is I—'t is Nick—come home! [Father turns back and walks away.] Why, father, what! see, it is I, Nick, thy son!

ATTWOOD. I do not know you, boy, you cannot enter here.

NICK. Why, father, I 've come home.

ATTWOOD. Have I not told you twice I do not know you! You have no part or parcel here. Get out of my sight.

NICK. O father, father!

ATTWOOD. Do not "father" me more, I am no father to stage-playing vagabond rogues. And be gone, I say. Do you hear? [*Raises hand.*] Must I e'en thrust you forth?

CICELY. O, Nick, come away; the wicked, wicked man!

NICK. It is my father, Cicely.

CICELY. And you do hate my father so! Come let us go back, my father will not turn us out. Look, there is Susan Shakespeare!

SUSAN SHAKESPEARE. [*Comes running up.*] My father has been hunting you all the way from London Town!

WILL SHAKESPEARE. You young rogue, how you have forestalled us. Why, here we have been weeping for you as lost, strayed, or stolen, and all the time you were nestling in the bosom of your own sweet home. How is the beloved little mother?

NICK. [*Falteringly.*] I have not seen my mother. Father will not let me in.

WILL SHAKESPEARE. What? How?

NICK. My father will not have me any more, sir—said I will never be his son again. Oh, Master Shakespeare, why did they steal me from home?

WILL SHAKESPEARE. Why this is a sorry tale! Does the man know that you were stolen, that you were kept against your will, that you have trudged half-way from London for your mother's sake?

NICK. He will not let me tell him, sir. He would not listen to me!

BEN JONSON. The muckle shrew! Why, I 'll have this out with him. By Jupiter, I 'll read him reason with a vengeance!

WILL SHAKESPEARE. Nay, Ben, cool thy blood,—a quarrel will not serve. This tanner is a bitter-minded, heavy-handed man; he 'd only throw you into a pickling-vat. The children must be thought about.

ONE OF THE MEN. Here 's a player's daughter who has no father, and a player whose father will not have him, orphaned by fate and disinherited by folly, common stock to us all. Kind hearts are trumps, my honest Ben, make it a stock company, and let us all be in it.

ANOTHER MAN. Will, the lad would make a better "Rosalind" than Roger Prynne for your new play.

WILL SHAKESPEARE. So he would, but before we put him into "As You Like It,"—suppose we ask him how he does like it. Now, Nick, you have heard what these gentlemen have said, what have you to say, my lad?

NICK. Why, sirs, you are all kind, very, very kind indeed, sirs, but I—I—want my mother—oh, masters, I do want my mother! [*One of the men turns abruptly and walks out; he comes back with NICK's father.*]

WILL SHAKESPEARE. Sing your last song, Ben. [*Sits down and draws NICK to him.*]

BEN JONSON. [*Sings* "Drink to me only with thine eyes."]

FATHER. My son, my only son! Master Will Shakespeare, I 've come about a matter.

WILL SHAKESPEARE. Out with it, sir, there is much here to be said. Come, say what you have to say.

FATHER. There 's naught I can say, but that I be sorry and want my son! Nick! Nick! I be wrung for you! Will you not come home—just for your mother's sake, if you will not come for mine?

NICK. [*Joyfully.*] Father!—but Cicely?

FATHER. Bring the lass with you, Nick, we 'll make out, lad, we 'll make out. God will not let it all go wrong. Will you come, lad?

NICK. O Father, Mother will be glad to have Cicely, won't she?

WILL SHAKESPEARE. [*Carrying two bags.*] I have a little story to tell you all. When Gaston Carew, lately Master-Player to the Lord High Admiral's Company, was arraigned before my Lord Justice for the killing of that rascal, he sent for some—

BEN JONSON. *One* you mean.

WILL SHAKESPEARE. He left these two bags of gold, one marked for my only beloved daughter, Cicely Carew, with my love forever; and the other marked: Nicholas Attwood, *alias* Master Skylark, whom I, Gaston Carew, master-player, stole away from Stratford Town, Anno Domini, 1596.—He also begged that Nicholas Attwood would forgive him.

NICK. Why, that I shall, he was wondrous kind to me, except that he would not let me go.

WILL SHAKESPEARE. These funds, Attwood, will keep you easy-minded. Now I need a tenant for this new place

of mine. You have always been spoken of as an honest man. What say you, Simon Attwood?

ATTWOOD. Why, sir, why, sirs, all of you, I have been a hard man, and somewhat of a fool. Ay, sirs, a very fool! God knows I'm sorry for it from the bottom of my heart. [*Buries head in arms.*]

WILL SHAKESPEARE. Nay, Simon Attwood, you have only been mistaken. Come, sit up and eat with us. Come, neighbor.

ATTWOOD. Nay, I shall go home. I thank you, sirs. You have been good to my boy. There are kind hearts in the world that I had not dreamed of. I shall go home to my wife. There be things to say before the boy comes home, and I have muckle need to tell her that I love her,—I have not done so these many years.

BEN JONSON. Why, Neighbor Tanner, you are a right good fellow. A toast, all: “Here ’s to all kind hearts!”

WILL SHAKESPEARE. Wherever they may be!
[*Attwood goes off the stage and instantly returns with wife.*]

ATTWOOD. Margaret.

MRS. ATTWOOD. Simon, what is it?

ATTWOOD. Naught, Margaret;—but you have been a good wife; our lad is coming home; and I love you,—is it too late to tell you?

MRS. ATTWOOD. Nay, Simon, never too late to mend,—but our boy? [*NICK runs across the stage, followed by the men.*] . . . [*Holding him to her heart.*] My boy!

NICK. Mother, Mother dear, I have been to London Town; I have been to the palace; and I have seen the Queen; but mother, I have never been to the place where I should rather be than just where you are, Mother dear. [*Tableau: Father puts an arm around CICELY.*]

THE END

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BARNABY LEE

A Dramatization of JOHN BENNETT'S "Barnaby Lee," with Special
Emphasis on the Parts Relating to the History of New
York, by ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS, Director of the
Dramatic Club of Public School 15,
Manhattan.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

BARNABY LEE, a young lad, son of an English gentleman, kidnapped by the picaroons and brought to America as cabin boy on a pirate ship. Dressed in gaudily figured shirt, open at neck; loose bloomers; no stockings; sash of faded red silk trimmed with gold lace knotted around waist, a knife thrust through it; sandals on feet.

CAPTAIN JOHN KING and his sailors. Loose bloomers; knitted shirts, red coats; gaudy handkerchiefs round neck; turbans of bright colors.

SCHOUT FISKAAL. Very stout. Yellow rosettes and ribbons at knees of trousers; red coat.

The clerk of Schout Fiskaal. Very thin. Dressed in black.

PETER STUYVESANT, Governor of New Amsterdam. Dressed in somber but rich clothes, black velvet coat, with slashed sleeves; broad white linen collar drooping upon his shoulders; upon his breast a golden brooch with coat of arms on it. Wooden leg.

GERRIT VAN SWERINGEN, the Man from Troublesome Corner. Very strong character. Dressed in same manner as Peter Stuyvesant; large beaver hat with long feather.

DOROTHY VAN SWERINGEN, daughter of Gerrit Van Sweringen. Dressed in Dutch costume, wooden shoes.

RICHARD NICOLLS, sent by England to take possession of New Amsterdam. Dressed in red and green uniform.

English sailors in red uniform.

Men, women, and children of New Amsterdam in Dutch costume.

Time: 1664.

Place: New Amsterdam, New York.

Time for production: thirty-five minutes.

BARNABY LEE

FIRST SCENE

[*The pirate ship containing CAPTAIN JOHN KING and his men and cabin boy, BARNABY LEE, comes near the coast of New Amsterdam. Let the right side of the stage or assembly room represent the pirate ship, and the left side, New Amsterdam.*]

BARNABY LEE. [*Standing at one end of ship, looking wistfully toward land.*] There are trees there, and dirt and stones, and rocks with moss on them; ay, there are birds, robin-redbreasts and throstles, and little brown hens that lay white eggs. There are apples growing in orchards; and strawberry-vines in the meadows; hives of bees in plaited straw standing under the hedge-rows! And there are cows—brown-eyed bossies, and girls to milk them. Oh, [*turning away despairingly*] I can hear them singing in the twilight! [*The sailors have come nearer, one fingers his whip and looks at BARNABY.*]

MATE. Bear a hand, you good-for-nothing! Lively now! Don't sulk with me; I'll cat your back with [*again touches whip*].

BARNABY. If ever I come ashore again! Oh, if ever I come ashore again!

SAILOR. What's the matter with you, always so wild for the shore. Too near shore for me!

BARNABY. Like enough, but it 's been four years since I was ashore, and that 's a long, long time.

SAILOR. [*Laughing, walks off.*] Four years, four years.

BARNABY. Oh, daddy, why did ye never come back?
[*Puts head down in hands.*]

CAPTAIN AND SAILORS. [*Come on, singing.*]

Go tell the King of England,
Go tell him this from me:
If he reigns king of all the land,
I will reign king at sea!

CAPTAIN JOHN KING. By glory, I will, or my name is not King!

SAILING MASTER. All right. I never said ye would n't, but the Dutch have stopped many a ship!

KING. Why, man, you talk as if you were afraid of a web-footed Dutchman! But, what 's up with that young fool?

MATE. He has caught a sniff of the land and just as soon as he smells land he 's as mad as a hatter. I made at him with the whip, but never a bit did he dodge.

SAILING MASTER. He is not the kind to dodge. 'T is a quality runneth in the blood when men be thoroughbred.

KING. A blight upon his quality. I would I were shut of him.

MATE. You kidnapped the boy to please his father's enemy, why growl about it now?

KING. Look here, I warned ye once to attend your own affairs. Do ye want that I shall warn ye twice?

MATE. Oh, no, John, truly I don't.

SAILING MASTER. Oh, quits! Ye act like two old tom-cats: Fizz-zz! miaouw! What 's the good of it? The boy is a thoroughbred, that is all I know. He 'll leave—

SAILOR. [*Yelling.*] Ware shoal! Hard a-star-board. Jam her down! Port ho! The Dutchmen be in sight!

JOHN KING. We shall soon see whether I 'll pass or not!

[Dutch people come in, running, from left side.]

SECOND SCENE

ENCOUNTER WITH THE DUTCH OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

DUTCH MESSENGER. To the fort! Ho, burghers! To the fort, or pay the penalty!

DIRCK STORM. [*A Dutch boy.*] Dorothy, Dorothy Van! Come quickly forth. An English ship is putting us to shame!

DOROTHY. An English ship? Oh, Dirck, will there be war?

DIRCK. Who knows? As like as not; or a battle, which is much the same. The English are an evil lot. Up quickly, that we may see. Heida! see them row!

DOROTHY. See, at the end of the boat, a little English boy!

DIRCK. Why do you pity him? I should like to shoot him! Our revenues are being defrauded by these thieves, carrying furs into Boston and Virginia; sea robbers!

KING. Keep off, at your peril!

HARBOR MASTER. Our business is with you, sir; why have ye not stricken your topsails?

KING. Stricken my topsails? Who are you and what do you take me for?

HARBOR MASTER. I take you for an insolent rogue, unless you speedily mend both your language and your manners.

KING. Since when have you got a mortgage on the manners of the world? I will strike my tops for nobody but my own pleasure and King Charles.

HARBOR MASTER. In the name of the city of New Amsterdam, I bid ye strike your topsails!

KING. Be hanged to the city of New Amsterdam! [*Turning to sailors.*] Ready!

HARBOR MASTER. Then thou art arrested in the name of the law. I will go on board.

KING. Keep off, you meddling fool! [*A great shout from the people on shore.*]

A DUTCHMAN. Make way there, make way there! Make way for the Heer Officier! Make way for the Schout Fiskaal!

SCHOUT FISKAAL. [*Immensely fat, followed by his clerk, a little lean man in black, tries to walk in very pompously, but trips and falls headlong.*] Haw, haw. [*Shouts of laughter from ship and people on coast.*]

SAILING MASTER. [*Laughing.*] Haw! What the murrain is this thing? Can anybody tell? Said naught but

“Hah!” like a horse. It hath swallowed its tongue, and swelleth itself with words. If some kind friend don’t tap it soon, ’t will surely burst!

SCHOUT. Insolent and ignorant rogue, thou knowest not who I am. I am the hangman and the gallows; I am the counsel and the judgment; I am the established law and the execution thereof; I am the Schout Fiskaal!

SAILING MASTER. I am much beholden to you. I was thinking ye might be Goliath of Gath!

SCHOUT. Beware! I am not to be trifled with. I am the sheriff of the city.

KING. An a boddle of it! What are your sheriff and city to me, and what does this arresting mean?

SCHOUT. Who art thou? Whence art thou come? Whither art thou going, and what is thy business?

KING. My name is Acorn, and I grew upon an oak-tree. I come from the place I left last; I go wherever I choose. My business is peddling peasecods and trucking for sassafras.

SCHOUT. Peddling and trucking? Aha! Thou wilt show me your commission.

KING. Show ye my commission? Pah! a murrain on commissions!

SCHOUT. Where is your trading-license?

KING. I have no trading-license.

SCHOUT. Thou hast lived in New Netherland a year and forty days? Hast kept both fire and candle-light, as the

custom law requireth? Is thy daughter married in this city? Doth thy wife reside here?

KING. What rigmarole is this? Thou art madder than the maddest hatter!

SCHOUT. It is the law! Thou may not embark on trade!

KING. [*Leaning forward.*] I am going up this river to trade, if it makes an eternal bonfire of all the laws and candles on the coast. These lands belong to England; what are ye doing on them anyway? If we ever put our feet off this boat we would make ye sick enough of us!

SAILORS. Aye, Captain, aye.

SCHOUT. [*Very excited.*] Read, Jacobus, read them my commission!

KING. [*Laughing derisively.*] Put this in your pipe and smoke it! My name is King, just plain John King, with neither haft nor handle. My vessel is named the *Ragged Staff*, and we sail from Maryland. We are going up this river to trade with the Iroquois. If ye be bent on stopping us, come on and stop! That's all I have to say. Push off there, Gideon! [*Sailors go out.*]

SCHOUT FISKAAL. Oh, what's to do? oh, what to do? Aha! I have it. A keg of schnapps! Up with the flag! Shoot a gun! Salute the flag!

MASTER GUNNER. Salute the flag? Shoot a gun? If I am to fire at all—my soul! bid me fire upon those rogues!

SCHOUT. I dare not! We are at peace with England. [*Gunner turns away in disgust.*]

SCHOUT. Come on, men. [*Waving his sword and shout-*

ing.] Down with the insolent English, down with them all! Hurrah! Hurrah! [*Goes out with part of crowd following.*]

DOROTHY. Shame on him, to try to play the master when he cannot even play the man! If my father were here he would make them laugh on the other side of their mouths!

DIRCK. How? It is against the law to shoot.

DOROTHY. Then fie on the law! When the law doth not suit my father, he breaks it until it does, or until they make him a new one that will better serve the turn.

DIRCK. If he breaks the laws of New Amsterdam, we shall hang him like a common thief upon the gallows-tree.

DOROTHY. [*Laughing scornfully.*] As ye have hanged these Englishmen? The hawks will nest in the pigeon-house when ye have hanged my father! [*Both pass out.*]

[*As a man sent by Schout Fiskaal is hanging up a poster Van Sweringen comes in.*]

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Stepping up and reading.*] "Know ye all men by these presents: it is hereby straitly charged upon all burghers that henceforth none shall suffer the English to go up the river to trade with the Savages, nay, nor in any wise permit their passage of the provided limits." [*Tearing down the sign.*] The law? Bah! [*Tears poster in pieces and throws them on ground.*] Quick, to the boats! [*Turning to the men who had not followed Schout Fiskaal.*] Up the river after these picaroons, seize their goods and turn their vessels adrift. Our laws may be weak as paper;—our hearts and arms are strong. To the boats, lads! [*All go out.*]

THIRD SCENE

[*Street in New Amsterdam and dwelling of PETER STUYVESANT. A crowd of men shouting, DIRCK STORM leading.*]

CROWD. Dirck Storm hath taken a picaroon! Go tell the Schout Fiskaal!

SCHOUT. Hah! Where is the rogue?

A MAN. Here, I have him.

SCHOUT. Aha, Master Villain! where art thou now? [*Rubbing his eyes.*] Ah, so small as that? [*Looking down at BARNABY.*] He must be very wicked; hold fast to him; he hath an ugly knife. Where are the others?

CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH. Their goods taken from them and cast adrift on the sea. This boy was found in the marshes. What shall I do with him, mynheer?

SCHOUT. Lock him up in the Stad Huis jail.

MASTER. Impossible, mynheer.

SCHOUT. And why is it impossible?

MASTER. The jail is full of cheeses.

SCHOUT. [*Puffing out his cheeks.*] What sort of business is this, that the jail is full of cheeses?

MASTER. The very best sort of business; cheeses bring good rents, mynheer, but prisoners cost the city moneys.

SCHOUT. Ach so! I had not thought of that. Well, then, take him and lock him up in the guardroom at the fort.

MASTER. It is full of pickle-tubs.

SCHOUT. A pest on it! Is the world a warehouse for green cheese and pickle-tubs? Well, lock him up, lock him in the windmill; there is room for a dozen. [*As he speaks BARNABY falls down in a faint.*]

MRS. VAN SWERINGEN. [*Running up with DOROTHY.*] Joris, what means this din? Here, take up the lad; doth one picaroon justify this out roar? A starving boy in the windmill! You who get six meals a day, talking of taking him there. Stand back! Open the gate there. Peter Stuyvesant will be back here to-morrow and I shall be responsible for the boy until then. Stand back! [*All pass out.*]

FOURTH SCENE

[PETER STUYVESANT seated at his desk. Reading a letter.]

PETER STUYVESANT. [*Bringing fist down.*] Had I thee here, I would hang thee as high as Haman! Appeal to Holland? Thou shouldst appeal with thine head upon a tray! [*Putting his head on his hands.*] I am playing my cards alone, like a fool at a king's court. I cannot see the way. I need this man — will he do what I wish?

VAN RUYTER. [*Coming in.*] Your Excellency, most gracious and valorous—

PETER STUYVESANT. Tssst! don't waste the time; take all that for granted, and come to the point.

VAN RUYTER. Gerrit Van Sweringen has come.

STUYVESANT. Let him enter alone. [VAN RUYTER goes

out and VAN SWERINGEN comes in. STUYVESANT and VAN SWERINGEN stand, looking haughtily at each other.]

STUYVESANT. Mynheer Gerrit Van Sweringen, Member of the South River Colony Council, and Sheriff of New Amstel. [*Bowing slightly.*]

VAN SWERINGEN. Mynheer Peter Stuyvesant, Your Excellency, Director for the High and Mighty West India Trading Company, Governor of New Netherland and of the Islands of the Sea, the Esteemed, the Worthy, the Prudent, also *the Most Severe*. [*Bowing deeply.*] Your Excellency, ye have sent for me. I greatly wonder why.

STUYVESANT. Because I have need of thee, not, you may believe, because it hath pleased me.

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Smiling.*] Your need doth not appear to have dropped sweet oil and honey on your tongue.

STUYVESANT. [*Gesture of command.*] Mynheer, provoke me no more! I have had provocation enough from thee. I have great need of tranquil speech, but how can I be tranquil, if thou dost irritate me? Remember mine office, and honor it. I have need of speech with thee; pray thee, be seated. [VAN SWERINGEN seats himself, placing his sword across his knee.] Mynheer, I shall tell thee why I sent for thee to-night. It was not from choice—thou mayst be sure of that—but from necessity. [*He limps over and bolts the doors.*] We are fallen in great difficulty, and threatening misfortunes gather over us like a storm. [*Takes out a parchment roll about a yard long, and unrolls it.*] Harken, mynheer, and I shall quickly explain. [*Turns the parchment so as to show that it is a map.*] See; it is an excellent map. Here stand we in New Amsterdam, on Manhattan Island. Here is the river, here is the sea,

and here is the shore of the mainland. Our limits run from here to here. The English colonies hem us in upon both north and south. Mynheer, dost love an Englishman?

VAN SWERINGEN. I know some Englishmen, Your Excellency, whom I think I do not hate.

STUYVESANT. [*Bitterly.*] Well, I shall give thee ample cause to hate them. They mean to take these lands from us before the year is out. Dost smile? Let this abate thy smiling. [*Hands him a letter.*]

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Jumping up as he reads.*] Your Excellency, they dare not; this thing is impossible!

STUYVESANT. Call no deed impossible until an Englishman hath tried it and failed to make it good.

VAN SWERINGEN. How can we thwart this hideous piece of treachery? Oh, they have lied to me. Why, this means war! My soul! if they want war, let us wage them war—with a vengeance!

STUYVESANT. With what? We have nothing, no powder, no men. We are only a company's trading post. They will snap their fingers and let us go like a played-out tune. We are rich in possibility, but Guinea and the Indies have set our great Dutch traders mad. They have forgotten us; they can dream of nothing but the Philippines and the East; the smell of spice and nutmegs seems to have stolen away their reason. Unless we can stand for ourselves, and thwart our enemies alone, we shall be turned out of house and home, like beggars in the street.

VAN SWERINGEN. When they have turned me out of my home they shall have paid me a price for it! I have ventured all that I have, and I shall stand to it.

STUYVESANT. Then serve me, and we shall stand together. There are times when two men, if they will stand together, may make a perilous vantage good against a thousand.

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Scowling.*] I would rather stand alone. I love thee not.

STUYVESANT. [*Snapping his fingers.*] This for thy love. Dost think I sent for thee because I felt affectionate? I like thee not, nor thy mad ways. I am not asking for myself, but for the colony. New Netherland hath need of thee; I am only her voice.

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Placing his sword on table with a ringing sound.*] There is my answer to the colony. I will serve her while I have a drop of blood in my veins. What is it, Your Excellency, that ye would have me do? Speak quick, for the hour is growing late.

STUYVESANT. I would have thee go on an embassy to Maryland. Lord Baltimore hath renewed his claim to our southern borderland. Unless we hold him off until his title is proved void, the South River country is lost. Attend me on the map. [BARNABY, *who is sleeping in the little press closet, breathes heavily.*]

VAN SWERINGEN. Your Excellency, what was that?

STUYVESANT. What was what?

VAN SWERINGEN. I thought I heard somebody breathe.

STUYVESANT. I must have sighed. There is nobody stirring in the house but our two selves. Our doubts make rabbits of us.

VAN SWERINGEN. Your Excellency, I neither doubt nor

fear. I await the event. [*The two bend over the map and talk very low.*]

WATCHMAN. [*Without.*] Four o'clock and all is well.

STUYVESANT. Hast followed me, mynheer?

VAN SWERINGEN. Like a spaniel at thine heels.

STUYVESANT. Now comes the sticking-point. We dare not seem to come into Maryland on state business. We are only a trader's colony; with no patent to this land from the Dutch States General. I have begged for a patent time and time again. We must have some plausible excuse to cover our real design. This is why I sent for thee. I need a man who can reason. And now, Mynheer Van Sweringen, what reason can we offer?

VAN SWERINGEN. A reason at demand? Nay, Your Excellency, I know none. Our treaties with the savages stand, the red tribes are at peace, the commission hath settled the question upon the ships that were seized on false charges, nay, Your Excellency, I can think of no reason. But our need will find us a reason.

STUYVESANT. Then go, mynheer, and Providence go with thee. I leave the reason and the rest with thee. Yet while thou art gone I shall not sit here as if I were sick with palsy. An English seafaring man, I hear, has been taken in the marshes. They say that he is a picaroon. The name matters little. These rascals are but the shadow of greater rogues behind them. I shall make an example of this one; he hath broken the laws of New Netherland, and I'll hang him.

BARNABY. [*Shouting wildly.*] Oh, no, no, no!

VAN SWERINGEN. We are betrayed! There is a spy! [*Catching up sword and running across the room. STUYVESANT followed.*] Out, thou felon, cowardly spy. Out! [*BARNABY LEE struggling in the covers, creeps out.*] Quick, who art thou?

STUYVESANT. Speak! Quick!

BARNABY. [*Gasping.*] Oh, masters, I be the picaroon!

VAN SWERINGEN. Light of my soul! The picaroon. [*Sitting down laughing heartily. STUYVESANT sits down also, and laughs.*]

STUYVESANT. [*Taking BARNABY by the arm and drawing him toward him.*] A pirate thou? and a picaroon?

BARNABY. You will not hang me, master! You surely cannot mean it?

STUYVESANT. What dost take us for? The Spanish Inquisition? Nay; we are not yet fallen so low as to hang half-grown children. But who art thou, boy? and what art doing here in the press-bed in my wall?

BARNABY. I was servant to Captain John King, and cabin-boy on the *Ragged Staff*. My father was a gentleman in England, and oh, he must be dead, for some one put me on board a lawless Maryland coasting-ship four years—

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Jumping up.*] Eureka! I have found it! Eureka! The right shall yet prevail! The God of Battles is with us!

STUYVESANT. Aye, doubtless, but where hath He shown thee a sign?

VAN SWERINGEN. There. [*Pointing at BARNABY.*]

Dost not see my idea? Why, Your Excellency, what saith the law? "If any hide or harbor another's serving man, without his master's acquiescence, or detain the same in any wise, or carry him away, or suffer him to lurk about, it is a felony. And if any apprentice from the English colonies flieth from them into New Netherland, the authorities shall take him at their gates, and shall send him back to the place whence he hath fled, by the first vessel sailing thither from their ports." There! Dost catch my inspiration? The boy—a cabin boy a fugitive—vessel from which he fled claimed port in Maryland—there is sufficient reason for all the missions ye may wish to send to Lord Baltimore's court. Is it plain?

STUYVESANT. It is indeed a sign. We are not yet forsaken. When a man's friends fail him utterly, God sendeth his enemy to serve him. He first sent thee to me, mynheer; and now, to us, this boy. The Lord is a stronghold in which we shall prevail!

BARNABY. Are ye going to send me back? Oh, masters, ye cannot mean it; ye truly cannot mean it!

STUYVESANT. Tut, tut! Do not make such a to-do, boy.

BARNABY. [*Turning to VAN SWERINGEN.*] Ye cannot mean to send me back. Oh, master, I would rather be hanged than go back to the *Ragged Staff*. Master, I am no apprentice, but a gentleman's son. My father was a captain with the king; oh, master, master, the world is a lonely place when ye be all that is left.

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Pacing the floor with troubled look.*] Ach, prut!

BARNABY. I will serve ye truly, if only you will not

send me back. The sea is a horrible place; one gets so sick for shore. I can shoot a gun, and fence with sword and dagger; I can read a book and ride a horse. I can cook a meal fairly and serve it. And I will serve ye forever until I die if only ye will not send me back. Ye cannot send me back!

STUYVESANT. [*Shaking his head at VAN SWERINGEN.*] Well?

VAN SWERINGEN. Look not at me, Your Excellency. There is my plan. I have offered it. I wash my hands of the matter.

STUYVESANT. But, mynheer, if ye love me—

VAN SWERINGEN. I have told you I do not love you. The matter rests with you. I have shown you a way from your quandary.

STUYVESANT. [*Sadly.*] And put me into another. But our need is past all question, and the need of many must prevail; I have nothing else to serve the turn. Our rights may seem this lad's wrongs, and unrighteous altogether, but the single right must be sacrificed to the greater necessities of many. We must make the best of it. [BARNABY turns away heartbroken. All pass out.]

FIFTH SCENE

[*The little Dutch children dancing a Dutch dance in the road. VAN SWERINGEN and BARNABY LEE return to New Amsterdam. PETER STUYVESANT meets them and he and VAN SWERINGEN step to one side. A servant girl standing watching the children turns to BARNABY.*]

MOLLY (servant girl). Bless my stars and garters, lad, but you 're a pretty boy! Dear soul, those two blue eyes o' thine do be all England. I have not seen the like since I left England, and that 's nigh seven year ago. God bless thy pretty face! Wilt not buss us, lad, for old England's sake? [*She leans over and kisses him.*]

BARNABY. Get out! I do not like this bussing.

MOLLY. [*Laughing softly.*] Some folk does, and some folk don't. It all depends on how ye take it. A little taken sensible, doth sweeten life no end. Lad, it is a gift of nater, and most folk come to it in time. One's heart grows old without it. [*Clapping him on the shoulder.*] Come to Molly Hawley, if ye wish anything, bless thine heart, shalt have it for that sweet English face of thine! [*Runs out after children. BARNABY follows.*]

PETER STUYVESANT. The lad back? [*Impatiently striking ground with cane.*] Well, sir? Well, sir? You have fetched the lad back?

VAN SWERINGEN. There was no record of the ship in Maryland. Charles Calvert has promised that there will be no invasion. The mission is accomplished. We had some trouble in Maryland and Barnaby Lee saved my life; in the future he shall be as my son. [*STUYVESANT's face shows relief when he hears the mission is accomplished.*]

MAN. [*Running up.*] The savages have risen! The Mohechans are up beyond Claverack, and are butchering the people!

STUYVESANT. Well, come; well, come, mynheer; we need thee again. Joseph, bring my jacket and breastpiece; find me a strap for my steel cap; do not be slow. [*All go out.*]

SIXTH SCENE

[*Men of New Amsterdam talking in an excited manner.*]

FIRST MAN. King Charles hath granted the Duke of York the coast and all its islands, from Connecticut to Maryland!

SECOND MAN. It is not his to grant.

THIRD MAN. He will make it his if he can. I tell ye, the English are determined to have these lands, by hook or crook, fair means or foul.

FIRST MAN. Charles Calvert promised Van Sweringen that there would be no invasion!

SECOND MAN. Aye, indeed; but Charles Stuart, the King of England, is greater than Charles Calvert, the Governor of Maryland.

FOURTH MAN. Where is "King Peter"?

SECOND MAN. At Fort Orange. They have sent for him. Last night one of our ships was seized by the British ship.

THIRD MAN. Stuyvesant returned this morning and sent a commission to Colonel Nicolls, to demand the meaning of this. He replied that he was sent by King Charles and James, Duke of York, to reduce the port to the English crown and he would not leave until Fort Amsterdam surrendered. Well, we have our families to think about, and I, for one, am in favor of surrendering.

FIRST MAN. Here comes Peter Stuyvesant now. [*From all sides come the Dutch people.*]

A BURGOMEISTER. [*To STUYVESANT.*] We have a right to know what terms are offered us in surrender. It is our lives and properties which will be lost in case of assault, and ye have no right to withhold the terms that are offered to our city.

SECOND BURGOMEISTER. We would willingly risk our lives, Your Excellency, if there were the slightest hope of success, but desperately to rush a handful of half-armed citizens and untrained serving-men upon the pikes of three brigades would be sheer madness. We came here to settle, to build, to trade, to profit, and to thrive, and not to fight English.

STUYVESANT. Would ye turn your very coats for profits, are ye all stark dead to honor? Shame on you, shame! Cowards!

A MAN. [*Running up.*] They are coming! They are coming! The French are coming with them to tear the city to pieces and slaughter us all.

FIRST VOICE. Surrender. We want no war!

STUYVESANT. I would rather die!

SECOND VOICE. To resist is death. Give us the English terms!

THIRD VOICE. We lose our property and everything if the city falls; give us the English terms!

[*A long murmur coming from all the women, "Surrender!"*]

A GUNNER. [*Running up.*] Your Excellency, get us some powder. This will not burn.

THE CROWD. Surrender!

STUYVESANT. I begged them for powder! Fools!

ANOTHER MAN. Your Excellency, there is no grain to grind! We shall be starved like cats in a garret.

CROWD. Surrender!

STUYVESANT. I would rather be carried out dead!

CROWD. Then give us the terms, or we will surrender anyway!

STUYVESANT. If I surrender this city, wherein am I justified?

CROWD. Will ye be justified in our ruin? Surrender, surrender!

STUYVESANT. I tell you I am master here and I shall fight to the end!

A MAN. Oh, mynheer, remember the women and the children! Their lives lie in the hollow of thine hand, and on the Judgment Day thou shalt answer for what thou hast done with them here. Remember the women and the children!

STUYVESANT. The women and the children?

MAN. Look at them, look!

CROWD. Surrender!

STUYVESANT. Ach, Gott, Thy will, not mine be done!
[Turns and walks slowly out.]

SEVENTH SCENE

[English, headed by COLONEL RICHARD NICOLLS, walk through the streets of New York. A crowd of Dutch

people, including DOROTHY, VAN SWERINGEN, DIRCK STORM, stand watching them.]

DOROTHY. [*Excitedly, putting her hand out to*
BARNABY.] Barnaby, Barnaby: here come the English!

BARNABY. [*Stepping out.*] Long live King Charles!
Long live King Charles!

COLONEL NICOLLS. [*Turning.*] Hey! What's this?

CAPTAIN LEE. [*Stepping suddenly from the side of*
COLONEL NICOLLS.] Barnaby, my son, Barnaby!

BARNABY. Oh, Daddy, daddy, daddy! [CAPTAIN LEE
clasps BARNABY in his arms; COLONEL NICOLLS claps his
hands twice in surprise and pleasure; DOROTHY clasps her
hands and steps a little forward.]

THE END

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

A Dramatization by the Dramatic Club of Public School 15, Manhattan. Author of book, LEWIS CARROLL.

CHARACTERS

ALICE. Copy picture in all editions of the book. (Hair flying, little apron, white stockings, black slippers.)

READER OF PROLOGUE

WHITE KING. White bloomers, white coat, crown.

WHITE QUEEN. Very narrow white slip with the hem at bottom wired to make it stand out, crown.

TIGER-LILY	}	Flowers are dressed in crêpe paper dresses and caps to represent flower.
ROSE		
DAISIES		
VIOLET		
LARKSPUR		

RED QUEEN. Narrow red slip with hem at bottom wired, crown.

RED KING. Red bloomers, red coat, crown.

TWEEDLEDEE	}	Sweaters with pillows under them, bloomers, long tailed coats, tiny caps.
TWEEDLEDUM		

FROG. Yellow and green costume, similar to a small child's winter night drawers; the back made of green chintz, the front of yellow chintz. A hood of green, stitched to false face, representing a frog.

Black toy kitten.

Time for production: thirty-five minutes

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

PROLOGUE

[ALICE is sitting in a big armchair, fondling her black cat, while prologue is recited.]

Child of the pure unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder!
Though time be fleet, and I and thou
Are half a life asunder,
Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love-gift of a fairy-tale.

I have not seen thy sunny face,
Nor heard thy silver laughter;
No thought of me shall find a place
In thy young life's hereafter—
Enough that now thou wilt not fail
To listen to my fairy-tale.

Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread,
With bitter tidings laden,
Shall summon to unwelcome bed
A melancholy maiden!
We are but older children, dear,
Who fret to find our bedtime near.

Without, the frost, the blinding snow,
The storm-wind's moody madness—

Within, the firelight's ruddy glow,
And childhood's nest of gladness.
The magic words shall hold thee fast:
Thou shalt not heed the raving blast.

And though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For "happy summer days" gone by,
And vanish'd summer glory—
It shall not touch, with breath of bale,
The pleasance of our fairy-tale.

FIRST SCENE

ALICE. [*Holding up kitten.*] Oh, you wicked, wicked little thing! Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty? You'd have guessed if you'd been up in the window with me—only Dinah was making you tidy, so you could n't. Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty, when I saw all the mischief you had been doing, I was very nearly opening the window, and putting you out into the snow! And you'd have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! [*Gives kitten a hug.*] What have you got to say for yourself? Now don't interrupt me! I am going to tell you all your faults. You squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now you can't deny it, Kitty; I heard you! What's that you say? [*Pretending that the kitten was speaking.*] Her paw went into your eye? Well, that's your fault, for keeping your eyes open—if you'd shut them tight up, it would n't have happened. Now don't make any more excuses, but listen! Number two; you pulled Snow-drop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her! What, you were thirsty, were you? How

do you know she wasn't thirsty too? Now for number three; you unwound every bit of worsted while I wasn't looking! That's three faults, Kitty, and you've not been punished for any of them yet. You know I'm saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week—suppose they had saved up all my punishments! What would they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came. Or—let me see—suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner; then, when the miserable day came, I should have to go without fifty dinners at once! Well, I shouldn't mind that much! I'd far rather go without them than eat them! [*ALICE takes kitten over to mirror and holds it up to look in. Then comes back to armchair, putting head back, sleepily.*] If you're not good directly, I'll put you through into Looking-glass House. How would you like that? Now, if you'll only attend, Kitty, and not talk so much, I shall tell you all my ideas about Looking-glass House. First, there's the room you can see through the glass—that's just the same as our drawing-room, only the things go the other way. I can see all of it when I get upon a chair. Kitty, dear, let's pretend—[*falls asleep.*]

[*A Lullaby, sung by a girl, wakens ALICE into Looking-glass Land. A beautiful and suitable one is found in Mrs. Burton Harrison's dramatization of "Alice in Wonderland" called "Alice Asleep." The last line can be adapted to "Alice, awake in Looking-glass Land."*]

SECOND SCENE

[*WHITE KING and WHITE QUEEN rush in as ALICE awakes in Looking-glass Land.*]

WHITE QUEEN. It is the voice of my child! My precious

Lily! My imperial kitten! [*Knocks over WHITE KING.*]

WHITE KING. Imperial fiddlestick! [*Very much annoyed.* ALICE rushes to pick him up. KING is sitting on the floor making funny faces.]

ALICE. Oh! please don't make such faces, my dear! You make me laugh so that I can hardly hold you! And don't keep your mouth so wide open! [*She picks up WHITE KING, who immediately tumbles again.*]

WHITE KING. [*Turning to WHITE QUEEN.*] I assure you, my dear, I turned cold to the very ends of my whiskers!

WHITE QUEEN. You have n't any whiskers.

WHITE KING. The horror of that moment I shall never, never forget!

WHITE QUEEN. You will, though, if you don't make a memorandum of it.

[WHITE KING instantly commences writing in a book.

ALICE takes up book as he puts it down.]

ALICE. Why, it 's a Looking-glass book, of course! And, if I hold it up to a glass, the words will all go the right way again. [*Recites poem.*]

JABBERWOCKY

'T was brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'T was brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

ALICE. It seems very pretty, but it 's rather hard to understand! Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas—only I don't exactly know what they are! However, somebody killed something: that 's clear, at any rate— But oh! [*jumping up*] if I don't make haste I shall have to go back

through the Looking-glass, before I've seen what the rest of the house is like! Let's have a look at the garden first.
[*Runs out.*]

THIRD SCENE

THE FLOWER SCENE

[FLOWERS *come in and arrange themselves.* About twelve DAISIES *stand close together.*]

ALICE. [*Coming in at side.*] I should see the garden far better, if I could get to the top of that hill: and here's a path that leads straight to it—at least; no, it does n't do that—[*walking several steps, and looking*] but I suppose it will at last. But how curiously it twists! It's more like a corkscrew than a path! Well, this turn goes to the hill, I suppose—no, it does n't. This goes straight back to the house! Well then, I'll try it the other way. [*Comes up to the flowers.*] Oh, Tiger-lily, I wish you could talk!

TIGER-LILY. We can talk when there's anybody worth talking to.

ALICE. [*In astonished whisper.*] Can all the flowers talk?

TIGER-LILY. As well as you can, and a great deal louder.

ROSE. It is n't manners for us to begin, you know, and I really was wondering when you'd speak! Said I to myself, "Her face has some sense in it, though it's not a clever one!" Still you're the right color, and that goes a long way.

TIGER-LILY. I don't care about the color; if only her petals curled up a little more, she'd be all right.

ALICE. [*Showing that she did not like to be criticised.*] Are n't you sometimes frightened at being planted out here, with nobody to take care of you?

ROSE. There 's the tree in the middle, what else is it good for?

ALICE. What could it do, if any danger comes?

ROSE. It could bark.

FIRST DAISY. It says "Bough-wough!" That 's why its branches are called boughs.

SECOND DAISY. Did n't you know that?

DAISIES. [*Shouting.*] Bough-wough! bough-wough! bough-wough!

TIGER-LILY. [*Very excited.*] Silence, every one of you! They know I can't get at them [*turning to ALICE*], or they would n't dare to do it.

ALICE. [*Soothingly.*] Never mind. [*Stooping down to the daisies.*] If you don't hold your tongues, I 'll pick you.

TIGER-LILY. That 's right. The daisies are worst of all. When one speaks, they all begin together, and it 's enough to make one wither to hear the way they go on. See, they are beginning to dance!

[DAISIES *dance* "The Flower Dance."']

ALICE. How is it that you can all talk so nicely? I 've been in many gardens before, but none of the flowers could talk.

TIGER-LILY. Put your hand down and feel the ground. Then you 'll know why.

ALICE. It 's very hard, but I don't see what that has to do with it.

TIGER-LILY. In most gardens they make the beds too soft, so that the flowers are always asleep.

ALICE. I never thought of that before.

ROSE. It 's my opinion that you never think at all.

VIOLET. [*Speaking so suddenly that ALICE jumped.*] I never saw anybody that looked stupider.

TIGER-LILY. Hold your tongue! As if you ever saw anybody! You keep your head under the leaves, and snore away there, till you know no more what 's going on in the world, than if you were a bud.

ALICE. Are there any more people in the garden besides me?

ROSE. There 's one other flower in the garden that can move about like you. She 's more bushy than you are.

ALICE. Is she like me?

ROSE. Well, she has the same awkward shape as you, but she 's redder—and her petals are shorter, I think.

TIGER-LILY. They 're done up close, like a dahlia, not tumbled about, like yours.

ROSE. But that 's not your fault; you 're beginning to fade, you know, and then one can't help one's petals getting a little untidy.

ALICE. Does she ever come out here?

ROSE. I daresay you 'll see her soon. She 's one of the kind that has nine spikes, you know.

ALICE. Where does she wear them?

ROSE. Why, all around her head, of course. I was wondering you had n't some, too. I thought it was the regular rule.

LARKSPUR. She 's coming! I hear her footstep, thump, thump, thump, along the gravel walk! [RED QUEEN *thumping.*]

ALICE. I think I 'll go and meet her.

ROSE. You can't possibly do that. I should advise you to walk the other way.

[*As ALICE goes off one way the flowers go out the other.*]

FOURTH SCENE

RED QUEEN SCENE

[*ALICE comes back walking backward. The RED QUEEN comes from opposite direction walking backward, until they bump. Both turn.*]

RED QUEEN. Where do you come from? And where are you going? Look up, speak nicely, and don't twiddle your fingers all the time.

ALICE. I lost my way.

RED QUEEN. I don't know what you mean by your way; all the ways about here belong to me—but why did you come out here at all? Courtesy while you 're thinking what to say. It saves time.

ALICE. [*Courtesying. Aside.*] I 'll try it when I go home, the next time I 'm a little late for dinner.

RED QUEEN. [*Looking at her watch.*] It's time for you to answer now, open your mouth a little wider when you speak, and always say, "Your Majesty."

ALICE. [*Courtesying.*] I only wanted to see what the garden was like, Your Majesty.

RED QUEEN. That's right; though, when you say garden—I've seen gardens, compared with which this would be a wilderness.

ALICE. I thought I'd try and find my way to the top of that hill.

RED QUEEN. When you say hill, I could show you hills, in comparison with which you'd call that a valley.

ALICE. No, I should n't; a hill can't be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense.

RED QUEEN. You may call it nonsense if you like, but I've heard nonsense, compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary!

ALICE. [*Courtesying.*] I declare, it's marked out just like a large chessboard! There ought to be some men moving about somewhere—and so there are! It's a huge game of chess that's being played—all over the world—if this is the world at all, you know. Oh, what fun it is! How I wish I was one of them! I should n't mind being a Pawn, if only I might join—though, of course, I should like to be a Queen, best.

RED QUEEN. That's easily managed. You can be the White Queen's Pawn, if you like, as Lily's too young to play; and you're in the Second Square to begin with; when you get to the Eighth Square you'll be a Queen.

[*Takes ALICE by hand and begins to run.*] Faster! Don't try to talk! Faster! Faster! Faster! Faster!

ALICE. [*Panting.*] Are we nearly there?

RED QUEEN. Nearly there! Why, we passed it ten minutes ago! Faster! Now! Now! Faster! Faster! [*Stopping suddenly.* ALICE *sinks down.*] You may rest a little, now.

ALICE. Why, I do believe we 've been under this tree the whole time! Everything 's just as it was!

RED QUEEN. Of course it is, what would you have it?

ALICE. Well, in our country, you 'd generally get to somewhere else—if you ran very fast for a long time, as we 've been doing.

RED QUEEN. A slow sort of country! Now here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!

ALICE. I 'd rather not try, please! I 'm quite content to stay here — only I am so hot and thirsty!

RED QUEEN. I know what you 'd like! [*Takes biscuit out of her pocket.*] Have a biscuit? [*Alice takes biscuit.*] While you 're refreshing yourself, I 'll just take the measurements. [*Takes out ribbon, marked in inches, and begins measuring the ground.*] At the end of two yards, I shall give you your directions—have another biscuit?

ALICE. No, thank you, one 's quite enough!

RED QUEEN. Thirst quenched, I hope. [*Alice looks distressed.*] At the end of three yards I shall repeat them

—for fear of your forgetting them. At the end of four, I shall say good-by. And at the end of five, I shall go! [*Begins walking slowly.*] A pawn goes two squares in its first move, you know. So you 'll go very quickly through the Third Square—by railway, I should think—and you 'll find yourself in the Fourth Square in no time. Well, that square belongs to Tweedledum and Tweedledee—the Fifth is mostly water—the Sixth belongs to Humpty Dumpty—But you make no remark?

ALICE. I—did n't know I had to make one—just then.

RED QUEEN. You should have said, "It's extremely kind of you to tell me all this," however, we'll suppose it said—the Seventh Square is all forest; however, one of the Knights will show you the way, and in the Eighth Square we shall be queens together, and it's all feasting and fun! [*ALICE stands and courtesys.*] Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing—turn out your toes as you walk, and remember who you are! Good-by. [*Runs off.*]

FIFTH SCENE

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE SCENE.

[*ALICE goes to sign marked "To Tweedledum's House and To the House of Tweedledee."*]

ALICE. I do believe that they live in the same house! I wonder I never thought of that before— But I can't stay there long. I 'll just call and say "How d'ye do?" and ask them the way out of the wood. If I could only get to the Eighth Square before it gets dark!

[*TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE come out, each with an*

arm round the other's neck. They wear broad white collars. One marked "DUM," the other "DEE."']

TWEEDLEDUM. If you think we 're wax-works, you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works were n't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise, if you think we 're alive, you ought to speak.

ALICE. I 'm sure I 'm very sorry. [*Recites.*]

 Tweedledum and Tweedledee
 Agreed to have a battle;
 For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
 Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

 Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
 As black as a tar-barrel;
 Which frightened both the heroes so,
 They quite forgot their quarrel.

DUM. I know what you 're thinking about, but it is n't so, nohow.

DEE. Contrariwise, if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it is n't, it ain't. That 's logic.

ALICE. I was thinking, which is the best way out of this wood: it is getting so dark. Will you tell me, please? [*DUM and DEE look at each other and grin. ALICE points her finger at DUM.*] First Boy!

DUM. [*Briskly.*] Nohow!

ALICE. [*Pointing her finger at DEE.*] Next Boy!

DEE. Contrariwise!

DUM. You 've begun wrong! The first thing in a visit is to say, "How d'ye do?" and shake hands! [DUM and DEE hug each other, and then hold out the two hands that are free, to shake hands with ALICE. Instantly they begin dancing round and round, singing, "Here we go round the mulberry bush."'] Four times round is enough for one dance. [They let go of ALICE's hands, and stand panting.]

ALICE. [*Aside.*] It would never do to say "How d'ye do?" now; we seem to have got beyond that, somehow! I hope you 're not much tired?

DUM. Nohow. And thank you very much for asking.

DEE. So much obliged! You like poetry?

ALICE. Ye-es, pretty well—some poetry. Would you tell me which road leads out of the wood?

DEE. [*Looking with great, solemn eyes at DUM.*] What shall I repeat to her?

DUM. [*Hugging DEE.*] "The Walrus and the Carpenter" is the longest.

DEE. The sun was shining—

ALICE. If it 's very long, would you please tell me first which road—

DEE. [*Smiling gently.*]

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
“It ’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun!”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

“Oysters, come and walk with us!”
The Walrus did beseech.
“A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach;
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They had n’t any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!”
“No hurry!” said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you ’re ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.

"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"

"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"

The Carpenter said nothing but

"Cut us another slice.

I wish you were not quite so deaf—

I 've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,

"To play them such a trick.

After we 've brought them out so far,

And made them trot so quick!"

The Carpenter said nothing but

"The butter 's spread too thick!"

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,

"You 've had a pleasant run!

Shall we be trotting home again?"

But answer came there none—

And this was scarcely odd, because

They 'd eaten every one.

[*Throughout the recitation appropriate gestures are made by DUM and DEE; the latter using his right hand, the former his left hand.*]

ALICE. I like the Walrus best, because he was a little sorry for the poor oysters.

DEE. He ate more than the Carpenter, though. You see

he held his handkerchief in front, so that the Carpenter could n't count how many he took; contrariwise.

ALICE. That was mean! Then I like the Carpenter best—if he didn't eat so many as the Walrus.

DUM. But he ate as many as he could get.

ALICE. Well! They were both very unpleasant characters— Are there any lions or tigers about here?

DEE. It's only the Red King snoring. [*RED KING huddled down in a corner, snoring very loud.*]

DUM and DEE. [*Taking ALICE by the hand.*] Come and look at him! [*Lead ALICE up to where the RED KING is sleeping.*]

DUM. Isn't he a lovely sight? Snoring fit to snore his head off!

ALICE. I'm afraid he'll catch cold lying on the damp grass.

DEE. He's dreaming now, and what do you think he's dreaming about?

ALICE. Nobody can guess that.

DEE. [*Clapping his hands.*] Why, about you! And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?

ALICE. Where I am now, of course.

DEE. Not you! You'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of thing in his dream!

DUM. If that there king was to wake, you'd go out—bang!—just like a candle!

ALICE. I should n't! Besides, if I 'm only a sort of thing in his dream, what are you, I should like to know?

DUM. Ditto.

DEE. Ditto, ditto!

ALICE. Hush! You 'll be waking him, I 'm afraid, if you make so much noise.

DUM. Well, it 's no use your talking about waking him, when you 're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you 're not real.

ALICE. [*Crying.*] I am real!

DEE. You won't make yourself a bit realler by crying; there 's nothing to cry about.

ALICE. If I was n't real, I should n't be able to cry.

DUM. I hope you don't suppose those are real tears?

ALICE. [*Aside.*] I know they 're talking nonsense, and it 's foolish to cry about it. At any rate I 'd better be getting out of the wood, for really it 's coming on very dark. [*Turning to DUM.*] Do you think it 's going to rain?

DUM. [*Opening a large umbrella over himself and DEE, and looking up into it.*] No, I don't think it is, at least—not under here. Nohow.

ALICE. But it may rain outside.

DEE. It may—if it chooses; we 've no objection. Contrariwise.

ALICE. [*Aside.*] Selfish things! [*As she starts to leave, TWEEDLEDUM jumps from under the umbrella, and seizes her by the wrist.*]

DUM. [*Very dramatically.*] Do you see that?

ALICE. It is only a rattle. Not a rattle-snake, you know, only an old rattle, quite old and broken.

DUM. I knew it was! [*Begins to stamp around and tear his hair.*] It's spoiled, of course! [*Turning to TWEEDLEDEE, who is hiding under the umbrella.*]

ALICE. [*Laying her hand upon his arm.*] You need n't be so angry about an old rattle.

DUM. But it is n't old! It's new, I tell you—I bought it yesterday—[*screaming*] my nice NEW rattle! [*Turning to DEE*] Of course you agree to have a battle?

DEE. [*Crawling out from under umbrella.*] I suppose so, only she must help to dress us, you know. [*Runs and brings out a pile of capes, shawls, etc., and two milk pails for their heads.*]

ALICE. [*Aside, while she dresses them.*] Really they'll be more like bundles of old clothes than anything else, by the time they're ready!

DEE. [*Very gravely.*] You know, it is one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle,—to get one's head cut off.

DUM. Do I look very pale?

ALICE. Oh, not very.

DUM. I am generally very brave, only to-day I happen to have a headache.

DEE. And I've got a toothache! I'm far worse than you!

ALICE. Then you 'd better not fight to-day.

DUM. We must have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long. What 's the time now?

DEE. [*Looking at his watch.*] Half-past four.

DUM. Let 's fight till six, and then have dinner.

DEE. [*Very sadly.*] Very well, and she can watch us; only you 'd better not come very close, as I generally hit everything I can see, when I get really excited.

DUM. And I hit everything within reach, whether I can see it or not.

ALICE. [*Laughing.*] You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think.

DUM. [*Looking around with a satisfied smile.*] I don't suppose there 'll be a tree left standing, for ever so far around, by the time we 've finished!

ALICE. And all about a rattle!

DUM. I should n't have minded it so much, if it had n't been a new one.

ALICE. [*Aside.*] I wish the monstrous crow would come!

DUM. There 's only one sword, you know, but you can have the umbrella; it 's quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It 's getting as dark as it can.

DEE. And darker.

ALICE. What a thick black cloud that is! And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it 's got wings!

DUM. [*Much alarmed.*] It's the crow! [*Both run out, dropping the pails from their heads. Alice follows.*]

SIXTH SCENE

QUEEN ALICE SCENE.

[*A crown is lying on the stage. ALICE comes in and puts it on.*]

ALICE. Well, this is grand! I never expected I should be a Queen so soon—and I tell you what it is, Your Majesty [*speaking to herself*], it'll never do for you to be lolling about on the grass like that! Queens have to be dignified, you know! [*Walks around, standing very straight, as if afraid the crown will fall off.*] If I really am a Queen [*sitting down*], I shall be able to manage it quite well in time. [*RED QUEEN and WHITE QUEEN come quietly in and sit close to her, one on each side.*] Please would you tell me—

RED QUEEN. [*Sharply.*] Speak when you're spoken to!

ALICE. But if everybody obeyed that rule, and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for you to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that—

RED QUEEN. Ridiculous! Why, don't you see, child— [*Thinks a moment.*] What do you mean by "If you really are a Queen"? What right have you to call yourself so? You can't be a Queen, you know, till you've passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it, the better.

ALICE. I only said "if."

RED QUEEN. [*Shuddering; turning to WHITE QUEEN.*] She says she only said “if”—

WHITE QUEEN. But she said a great deal more than that; oh, ever so much more than that!

RED QUEEN. [*Turning to ALICE.*] So you did, you know. Always speak the truth—think before you speak—and write it down afterwards.

ALICE. I ’m sure I did n’t mean—

RED QUEEN. That ’s just what I complain of! You should have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning, and a child ’s more important than a joke, I hope. You could n’t deny that, even if you tried with both hands.

ALICE. I don’t deny things with my hands.

RED QUEEN. Nobody said you did. I said you could n’t if you tried.

WHITE QUEEN. She ’s in that state of mind that she wants to deny something, only she does n’t know what to deny!

RED QUEEN. A nasty, vicious temper!— I invite you to Alice’s dinner-party this afternoon.

WHITE QUEEN. And I invite you.

ALICE. I did n’t know I was to have a party at all, but if there is to be one, I think I ought to invite the guests.

RED QUEEN. We gave you the opportunity of doing it, but I daresay you ’ve not had many lessons in manners yet?

ALICE. Manners are not taught in lessons. Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort.

WHITE QUEEN. Can you do addition? What 's one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?

ALICE. I don't know; I lost count.

RED QUEEN. She can't do addition. Can you do subtraction? Take nine from eight.

ALICE. Nine from eight I can't, you know, but—

WHITE QUEEN. She can't do subtraction. Can you do division? Divide a loaf by a knife—what 's the answer to that?

ALICE. I suppose—

RED QUEEN. Bread and butter, of course. Try another subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog; what remains?

ALICE. The bone would n't remain, of course, if I took it—and the dog would n't remain; it would come to bite me—and I 'm sure I should n't remain!

RED QUEEN. Then you think nothing would remain?

ALICE. I think that 's the answer.

RED QUEEN. Wrong, as usual; the dog's temper would remain.

ALICE. But I don't see how—

RED QUEEN. Why, look here! The dog would lose its temper, would n't it?

ALICE. Perhaps it would.

RED QUEEN. Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!

BOTH QUEENS. She can't do sums a bit!

ALICE. [*Turning to WHITE QUEEN.*] Can you do sums?

WHITE QUEEN. [*Gasping.*] I can do addition, if you give me time, but I can't do subtraction under any circumstances!

RED QUEEN. Of course you know your A B C?

ALICE. To be sure I do.

WHITE QUEEN. So do I; we'll often say it over together, dear. And I'll tell you a secret—I can read the words of one letter! Isn't that grand? However, don't be discouraged. You'll come to it in time.

RED QUEEN. Can you answer useful questions? How is bread made?

ALICE. [*Eagerly.*] I know that! You take some flour—

WHITE QUEEN. Where do you pick the flower? In a garden, or in the hedges?

ALICE. Well, it is n't picked at all, it's ground—

WHITE QUEEN. How many acres of ground? You must n't leave out so many things.

RED QUEEN. Fan her head! She'll be feverish after so much thinking. [*QUEENS fan ALICE.*] She's all right again now. Do you know languages? What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?

ALICE. [*Gravely.*] Fiddle-de-dee's not English.

RED QUEEN. Whoever said it was?

ALICE. If you 'll tell me what language "Fiddle-de-dee" is, I 'll tell you the French for it!

RED QUEEN. [*Drawing herself up stiffly.*] Queens never make bargains.

ALICE. [*Aside.*] I wish Queens never asked questions.

WHITE QUEEN. Don't let us quarrel. What is the cause of lightning?

ALICE. The cause of lightning is the thunder—no, no! I meant the other way.

RED QUEEN. It 's too late to correct it. When you 've once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences.

WHITE QUEEN. [*Nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.*] We had such a thunderstorm last Tuesday; I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know.

ALICE. In our country, there 's only one day at a time.

RED QUEEN. That 's a poor thin way of doing things. Now here, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together,—for warmth, you know.

ALICE. Are five nights warmer than one night, then?

RED QUEEN. Five times as warm, of course.

ALICE. But they should be five times as cold, by the same rule—

RED QUEEN. Just so! Five times as warm, and five times as cold—just as I 'm five times as rich as you are, and five times as clever!

ALICE. It 's exactly like a riddle with no answer!

RED QUEEN. [*Taking WHITE QUEEN's hand, and turning to ALICE.*] Pat her on the head and see how pleased she 'll be! She really can't help being foolish, she never was really well brought up. A little kindness, and putting her hair up in papers, would do wonders with her.

WHITE QUEEN. [*Sighing, and putting her head on ALICE's shoulder.*] I am so sleepy!

RED QUEEN. She 's tired, poor thing! Smooth her hair, lend her your nightcap, and sing her a soothing lullaby.

ALICE. I have n't a nightcap with me, and I don't know any soothing lullabies.

RED QUEEN. I must do it myself, then. [*Sings.*]

Hush-a-by, lady, in Alice's lap!

Till the feast 's ready, we 've time for a nap.

When the feast 's over, we 'll go to the ball—

Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all!

And now you know the words [*putting her head down on ALICE's other shoulder*], just sing it through to me; I 'm getting sleepy, too. [*Both QUEENS sleep and snore, while ALICE sings the lullaby.*]

ALICE. What am I to do? [*Looks around in great perplexity as first one head and then the other rolls to her lap.*] I don't think it ever happened before, that any one had to take care of two queens asleep at once. No, not in all the history of England; it could n't, you know, because there never was more than one queen at a time. Do wake up, you heavy things!

BOTH QUEENS. [*Their snoring gradually changes into a soft humming of the lullaby. They pass out singing.*]

Hush-a-by, lady, in Alice's lap!
Till the feast's ready, we've time for a nap.
When the feast's over, we'll go to the ball—
Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all!

SEVENTH SCENE

THE FROG SCENE.

[*A sign bearing the words "Queen Alice" is placed on a door. ALICE standing before the door, knocking.*]

FROG. [*Hobbling over to her. Speaks in very hoarse voice.*] What is it now?

ALICE. Where's the servant whose business it is to answer the door?

FROG. Which door?

ALICE. [*Irritated.*] This door, of course.

FROG. [*Staring at door and rubbing it with his thumb.*] To answer the door? What's it been asking of?

ALICE. I don't know what you mean.

VOICES. [*Singing back of stage.*]

To the Looking-Glass world it was Alice that said,
"I've a scepter in hand, I've a crown on my head;
Let the Looking-Glass creatures, whatever they be,
Come and dine with the Red Queen, the White Queen,
and me!"

EIGHTH SCENE

COMING BACK TO EVERY DAY LAND.

[ALICE sits down in arm chair, holding the black kitten in her arms, and shuts her eyes.]

ALICE. [Awaking.] And it really was a kitten, after all.

FINIS

TOWN MEETING IN BOTETOURT,
VIRGINIA, 1860

Arranged by ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS.

(From "The Long Roll," by Mary Johnston. Permission to use this by
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TOWN MEETING IN BOTETOURT, VIRGINIA, 1860

FIRST SCENE

[Several schoolboys have met in ARTHUR JACKSON'S home and are preparing their next day's history lesson. They are studying about the Civil War and the assigned lesson is "States' Rights."]

ARTHUR. Ugh! how I hate this dry old history lesson! Do you boys all understand what is meant by "States' Rights," and Secession and all the other things that are given to us as causes of the great Civil War?

TOM. No, Arthur, I don't for one, and I 'm mighty glad to hear you say that you don't. I wish we could move on to the real battle scenes where we shall study about Lee, and Grant, and Sheridan, and Stonewall Jackson, and all those great generals. That 's the sort of history I like, where men are doing something. All this about states fighting about their rights and the Constitution being amended and boundary lines between slave and free states being drawn, is so dry. No boy could understand it, no matter how hard he studied it.

ARTHUR. I don't hear Rob saying a word. He just sits there and looks as wise as an owl and as solemn as a judge.

ROB. I was thinking. Tom said a moment ago that he likes history of battles where men are doing things—men

like Lee, and Grant, and Sheridan, and Stonewall Jackson. Well, so do I like that kind of history; but don't you like Lincoln and Seward, and Jefferson and Franklin, and that kind of men? It seems to me they were doing things too, even though they did n't really fight.

ALL THE BOYS. Yes, yes, Lincoln was great!

ROB. I have just been reading a good story. It is really about Stonewall Jackson. And I tell you, boys, there were harder battles to fight than Antietam or Gettysburg. This story begins by telling what a hard time Virginia had in deciding whether she should be a southern or a northern state and some men had hard battles to fight in making up their minds.

ARTHUR. What 's the name of the book?

TOM. Will you lend it to me?

ROB. I shall get the book now. It is "The Long Roll," by Mary Johnston. I know this, I should have liked to have been present at that town meeting in Botetourt. [*Boys take book and look it over.*]

TOM. I have an idea! Let 's act this town meeting, that teaches us about states' rights, as our class lesson to-morrow. Our teacher will allow us to do this, I am sure.

ALL THE BOYS. Fine! Let 's get the other boys and get to work at it. [*Pass out.*]

SECOND SCENE

MEMBER. Judge Allen, will you take the floor, and tell the Assembly the first of the Botetourt Resolutions?

JUDGE ALLEN. The people of Botetourt County, in gen-

eral meeting assembled, believe it to be the duty of all the citizens of the Commonwealth, in the present alarming condition of our country, to give some expression of their opinion upon the threatening aspect of public affairs. In the controversies with the mother country, growing out of the effort of the latter to tax the Colonies without their consent, it was Virginia who, by the resolution against the Stamp Act, gave the example of the first authoritative resistance by a legislative body to the British Government, and so imparted the first impulse to the Revolution. Virginia declared her independence before any of the colonies, and gave the first written constitution to mankind. By her instructions her representatives in the General Congress introduced a resolution to declare the Colonies independent states, and the Declaration, itself, was written by one of her sons. She furnished to the Confederate States the Father of his Country, under whose guidance independence was achieved, and the rights and liberties of each state, it was hoped, perpetually established. She stood undismayed through the long night of the Revolution, breasting the storm of war and pouring out the blood of her sons like water on every battlefield, from the ramparts of Quebec to the sands of Georgia.

ASSEMBLY. [*Shouting.*] That she did—that she did!
“Old Virginia never tire.”

FIRST MEMBER. By her unaided efforts the Northwestern Territory was conquered, whereby the Mississippi, instead of the Ohio River, was recognized as the boundary of the United States by treaty of peace. To secure harmony, and as an evidence of her estimate of the value of the Union of the States, she ceded to all for their common benefit this magnificent region—an empire in itself. When

the Articles of Confederation were shown to be inadequate to secure peace and tranquillity at home and respect abroad, Virginia first moved to bring about a more perfect Union.

ASSEMBLY. Right!

SECOND MEMBER. At her instance the first assemblage of commissioners took place at Annapolis, which ultimately led to a meeting of the Convention which formed the present Constitution. The instrument itself was in a great measure the production of one of her sons, who has been justly styled the Father of the Constitution. The government created by it was put into operation, with her Washington, the father of his country, at its head; her Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, in his cabinet; her Madison, the great advocate of the Constitution, in the legislative hall.

A VOICE FROM ASSEMBLY. And each of the three left on record his judgment as to the integral rights of the federating states.

THIRD MEMBER. Under the leading of Virginia statesmen, the Revolution of 1798 was brought about, Louisiana was acquired, and the second war of independence was waged. Throughout the whole progress of the Republic she has never infringed on the rights of any state, or asked or received an exclusive benefit. She has a right to look for feelings of fraternity and kindness for her citizens from the citizens of other states. These reasonable expectations have been grievously disappointed—

ASSEMBLY. That's the truth! that's the plain truth! North and South; we're leagues asunder.

A MEMBER. We don't think alike, we don't feel alike, and we don't interpret the Constitution alike! I'll tell you

how the North interprets it—Government by the North, for the North, and over the South. Go on, Major.

THIRD MEMBER. In view of this state of things, we are not inclined to rebuke or censure the people of any of our sister states in the South, suffering from injury and threatened with wrongs, for their bold determination to relieve themselves from such injustice and oppression by dissolving the compact which they had formed and to provide new guards for their future security.

A MEMBER. South Carolina! Georgia, too, will be out in January. Alabama as well, Mississippi and Louisiana. Go on!

FOURTH MEMBER. Nor have we any doubt of the right of any state to judge for itself on its own responsibility, as to the mode and manner of redress. The states, each for itself, exercised this sovereign power when they dissolved their connection with the British Empire. They exercised the same power when nine of the states seceded from the Confederation and adopted the present Constitution, though two states at first rejected it. The Articles of Confederation stipulated that those articles should be inviolably observed by every state, and that the Union should be perpetual, and that no alteration should be made unless agreed to by Congress and confirmed by every state. Notwithstanding this solemn compact, a portion of the states did, without the consent of others, form a new compact; and there is nothing to show, or by which it can be shown, that this right has been, or can be, diminished so long as the states continue sovereign.

A MEMBER. The right 's the right of self-government—and it 's inherent and inalienable!

OTHER MEMBER. We fought for it—when did n't we fight for it? When we cease to fight for it, then chaos and night! Go on, go on!

FIFTH MEMBER. The foundation on which the Constitution was established was Federal, and the State, in the exercise of the same sovereign authority by which she ratified for herself, may for herself abrogate and annul. The operation of its powers, whilst the State remains in the Confederacy, is *national*; and consequently a state remaining in the Union, and enjoying its benefits, cannot by any mode of procedure withdraw its citizens from the obligation to obey the Constitution and the laws passed in pursuance thereof. But when a state does secede, the Constitution and laws of the United States cease to operate therein. No power is conferred on Congress to enforce them. Such authority was denied in the Congress in the convention which framed the Constitution, because it would be an act of war of nation against nation—not the exercise of the legitimate power of a government to enforce its laws on those subject to its jurisdiction. [*The ASSEMBLY murmurs, and these murmurs grow louder.*] The assumption of such a power would be the assertion of a prerogative claimed by the British Government to legislate for the Colonies in all cases whatever; it would constitute of itself a dangerous attack on the rights of the states, and should be promptly repelled.

MEMBERS. Yes, yes. That is our doctrine—bred in the bone—dyed in the weaving! Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Washington, Henry—further back yet, further back—back to Magna Charta!

SIXTH MEMBER. Whilst, therefore, we regret that any state should, in a matter of common grievance, have deter-

mined to act for herself without consulting with her sister states equally aggrieved, we are nevertheless constrained to say that the occasion justifies and loudly calls for action of some kind. In view, therefore, of the present condition of our country, and the causes of it, we declare almost in the words of our fathers, "That we desire no change in our government whilst left to the free enjoyment of our equal privileges secured by the Constitution; but that should a tyrannical sectional majority, under the sanction of the forms of the Constitution, persist in acts of injustice and violence toward us, they only must be answerable for the consequences."

ASSEMBLY. Yes, yes.

SEVENTH MEMBER. Liberty is so strongly impressed upon our hearts that we cannot think of parting with it but with our lives; that our duty to God, our country, ourselves, and our posterity forbid it; we stand, therefore, prepared for every contingency. Resolved, therefore, that in view of the facts set out by the foregoing speakers, it is the opinion of this meeting that a convention of the people should be called forthwith; that the State in its sovereign character should consult with the other southern states, and agree upon such guarantees as in their opinion will secure their equality, tranquillity, and rights *within the Union*.

MEMBER. Yes, yes! within the Union! They're not quite mad—not even the black Republicans! We'll save the Union! We made it, and we'll save it! Unless the North take leave of its senses. Go on, Judge Allen.

JUDGE ALLEN. And in the event of a failure to obtain such guarantees, to adopt in concert with the other South-

ern States, or alone, such measures as may seem expedient to protect the rights and ensure the safety of the people of Virginia.

ASSEMBLY. [*Murmuring, growing louder.*]

FIRST MEMBER. I move that these resolutions be adopted.

SECOND MEMBER. I second the motion.

JUDGE ALLEN. All in favor say "Aye." [*A loud answer.*] Contrary, "Nay."

A MEMBER. Who is the speaker going up now?

ANOTHER MEMBER. Ah, we'll have the Union now! It's Major Cary, a strong Union man. He is the last speaker for to-day.

JUDGE ALLEN. I am sure that few in Botetourt need an introduction here. We, no more than others, are free from vanity, and we think we know a hero by intuition. Men of Botetourt, we have the honor to listen to Major Fauquier Cary, who carried the flag up Chapultepec! [*Great applause.*]

MAJOR CARY. You are too good! I'm afraid you don't know Fauquier Cary very well, after all. He's no hero—worse luck! He's only a Virginian, trying to do the right as he sees it, out yonder on the plains with the Apaches and the Comanches and the sage brush and the desert—

A VOICE. How about Chapultepec—and the Rio Grande? Did n't we hear something about a fight in Texas?

CARY. A fight in Texas? [*Laughing.*] Many. I'm only a Virginian out there. As you know, I am by no means the *only* Virginian, and they are heroes, the others, if you like! Real old-line heroes, brave as the warriors in

Homer, and a long sight better men! Out there by the Rio Grande is a Colonel Robert E. Lee, of whom Virginia may well be proud! [*Applause.*] There are few heights in those western deserts, but he carries his height with him. He 's marked for greatness. Oh, there are Stuart, and Johnston from Kentucky, and McClellan, and Hancock from Pennsylvania, and many, many others. And way out yonder, in the midst of sage brush and Apaches, when any of us chance to meet around a camp-fire, there we sit and tell stories of home, of Virginia and Pennsylvania, of Georgia and New Hampshire. Men of Botetourt! I speak for my fellow soldiers of the Army of the United States when I say that, out yonder, we are blithe to fight with marauding Comanches, with wolves and with grizzlies, but that we are not—oh, we are not—ready to fight with each other! Brother against brother—comrade against comrade—friend against friend—to quarrel in the same tongue and to slay the man with whom you 've faced a thousand dangers—no, we are not ready for that! Virginians! I will not believe that the permanent dissolution of this great Union is come. I will not believe that we stand to-day in danger of internecine war! Men of Botetourt, go slow—go slow! The right of State—I grant it! I was bred in that doctrine, as were you all. The Botetourt Resolutions—amen to much, to very much in the Botetourt Resolutions. South Carolina! Let South Carolina go in peace! it is her right! Remembering old comradeship, old battlefields, old defeats, old victories, we shall still be friends. If the Gulf States go, still it is their right, immemorial, incontrovertible!—The right of self-government. We are of one blood and the country is wide. Godspeed both to Lot and Abraham! On some sunny future day may their children draw together and take hands again. So much for the seceding

states. But Virginia,—but Virginia made possible the Union,—let her stand fast in it in this day of storm! In this Convention let her voice be heard,—as I know it will be heard—for wisdom, for moderation, for patience! So, or soon or late, she will mediate between the states, she will once again make the ring complete, she will be the savior of this great historic Confederation which our fathers made!

[All pass out, talking gravely.]

THE END

A HANDFUL OF CLAY

By HENRY VAN DYKE.

Arranged as a pantomime by MARGARET KNOX.

From the van Dyke Book. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Four speakers may recite the piece without breaking the continuity of the thought. They should be selected for the beauty of their voices, and for ability to have the voice express the characters and feeling represented in the story.

One girl, dressed in a flowing white dress, stands in the center of the stage or assembly room and acts the story in pantomime.

Material needed: Plasticene, color of red clay, such as is used in kindergartens for modeling. This is far better than the ordinary clay, as it remains soft and can be used over and over again.

An ordinary clay flower pot.

A bulb.

A pot of blooming Easter lilies. (Cut lilies may be inserted in a pot filled with damp earth, and kept firm by tying to a stick, if lilies in bloom cannot be had.)

A HANDFUL OF CLAY

[Throughout the rendering of the selection beautiful music is played. Parts of different musical selections may be blended; taking care to have the music appropriate: i.e., when the flower pot is found to be "straight and stiff, red and ugly," discords are needed; when the birds sing, light dainty music; when the "Glorious music flows," great majestic chords are needed.]

[As the pantomime begins, the actor is standing in the middle aisle or in the center of the stage, holding the lump of clay in her hand. The other material is hidden, either behind a screen on the stage, or under a desk near the aisle.]

[The actor must at every change of thought or character change expression of face to suit the feeling depicted.]

FIRST SPEAKER. There was a handful of clay in the bank of a river. It was only common clay, coarse and heavy; but it had high thoughts of its own value, and wonderful dreams of the great place which it was to fill in the world when the time came for its virtues to be discovered.

Overhead, in the spring sunshine, the trees whispered together of the glory which descended upon them when the delicate blossoms and leaves began to

Holds clay up in right hand.

Facial expression denotes feeling of sodden heaviness.

Facial expression changes to a rapt expression, with face upturned.

Lays down clay.

Both arms up over head.

Right hand pointing to imaginary leaves and blossoms or to

expand, and the forest glowed with fair clear colors, as if the dust of thousands of rubies and emeralds were hanging, in soft clouds, above the earth.

The flowers, surprised with the joy of beauty, bent their heads to one another, as the wind caressed them, and said, "Sisters, how lovely you have become. You make the day bright."

The river, glad of new strength and rejoicing in the unison of all its waters, murmured to the shores in music, telling of its release from icy fetters, its swift flight from the snow-clad mountains, and the mighty work to which it was hurrying—the wheels of many mills to be turned, and great ships to be floated to the sea.

Waiting blindly in its bed, the clay comforted itself with lofty hopes. "My time will come," it said. "I was not made to be hidden forever. Glory and beauty and honor are coming to me in due season."

SECOND SPEAKER. One day the clay felt itself taken from the place where it had waited so long. A flat blade of iron passed beneath it, and lifted it, and tossed it into a cart with other lumps of

flowers or plants near by.

Right hand as if holding something, coming nearer and nearer to earth.

Point to imaginary flowers.

Head bent.

Caressing motion of hands.

Point off in distance to the river.

Follow river in its course.

Here the music should represent the flow of a brook, and later grow stately and dignified to represent the river in its mighty work.

Swift turning of arm in large spiral.

Rapid music.

Very slow motion, pointing to ship in distance, and moving slowly with it.

Takes up clay and holds it.

An expression of ambitious hope and of self-satisfied contentment.

Change clay to left hand; use right hand as blade of iron.

Lift clay high.

Toss clay from one hand to other.

clay, and it was carried far away, as it seemed, over a rough and stony road. But it was not afraid, nor discouraged, for it said to itself: "This is necessary. The path to glory is always rugged. Now I am on my way to play a great part in the world."

But the hard journey was nothing compared with the tribulation and distress that came after it. The clay was put into a trough and mixed and beaten and stirred and trampled. It seemed almost unbearable. But there was consolation in the thought that something very fine and noble was certainly coming out of all this trouble. The clay felt sure that, if it could only wait long enough, a wonderful reward was in store for it.

Then it was put upon a swiftly turning wheel, and whirled around until it

Music unsettled, irregular in time.

Expression of stern determination.

The actor now molds the clay into the shape of a flower pot. It is wise to practise this until the actor can finish the molding exactly at the point "taking a new form."

This entire paragraph gives opportunity for great expressiveness both by speaker's voice and the actor's gesture. "Hard journey"—disturbed expression. "Tribulation and distress"—anxious, worried.

"Mixed, beaten stirred"—(act upon the plasticene with vigorous hand thrusts).

"Almost unbearable"—head turned away, right hand pushing the trouble aside.

"Consolation"—hopeful expression.

"Something fine and noble"—uplifted face.

"Wonderful reward in store"—proud, satisfied look.

Rotary motion with hand.

Facial expression of

seemed as if it must fly into a thousand pieces. A strange power pressed it and molded it, as it revolved, and through all the dizziness and pain it felt that it was taking a new form.

Then an unknown hand put it into an oven, and fires were kindled about it—fierce and penetrating—hotter than all the heats of summer that had ever brooded upon the bank of the river. But through all, the clay held itself together and endured its trials, in the confidence of a great future. “Surely,” it thought, “I am intended for something very splendid, since such pains are taken with me. Perhaps I am fashioned for the ornament of a temple, or a precious vase for the table of a king.”

THIRD SPEAKER. At last the baking was finished. The clay was taken from the furnace and set upon a board, in the cool air, under the blue sky. The tribulation was passed. The reward was at hand.

Close beside the board there was a pool of water, not very deep, nor very clear,

earnest endeavor and questioning as if to solve the mystery of its own future.

Plasticene is molded in form of flower pot.

Facial expression should change to suit the feeling expressed by such words as, “fire, fierce and penetrating.”

Clay is put down.

“Endured its trials”
—bite lower lip, close eyes and clench fists.
“Confidence of a great future—brave, courageous expression.

Lofty, aspiring glance.

Actor should hesitate here as if thinking of some lovely thing that she would choose to be.

Point high as toward temple.

A happy satisfied expression with caressing of an imaginary vase.

The clay now in the form of a rough red flower-pot is placed on board or floor near at hand. The actor, not looking toward it enacts a scene representing cool air, blue sky.

Resignation and quiet contentment.

Points to imaginary water.

but calm enough to reflect, with impartial truth, every image that fell upon it. There, for the first time as it was lifted from the board, the clay saw its new shape, the reward of all its patience and pain, the consummation of its hopes—a common flower-pot, straight and stiff, red and ugly. And then it felt that it was not destined for a king's house, nor for a palace of art, because it was made without glory or beauty or honor; and it murmured against the unknown maker, saying, "Why hast thou made me thus?"

Many days it passed in sullen discontent. Then it was filled with earth and something, it knew not what—but something rough and brown and dead-looking, was thrust into the middle of the earth and covered over. The clay rebelled at this new disgrace. "This is the worst of all that has happened to me, to be filled with dirt and rubbish. Surely I am a failure."

FOURTH SPEAKER. But presently it was set in a green-house, where the sunlight fell warm upon it and water was sprinkled over, and day by day as it waited, a change began to come to it. Something was stirring within it—a new hope. Still it was ignorant, and knew not what the new hope meant.

Lifts the real flower-pot.

Attitude of despair and music, low grumbling, discordant.

Holds out straight the flower-pot.

Anger and disappointment and murmuring expressed in face of actor and voice of speaker.

Motion of filling.

Place bulb in pot.

Expression of disgust and scorn.

Expression of rebellion, despair and hopelessness.

Set down the flower-pot.

Point to sun.

Expression of mystery and wonder.

Eyes opening wider and wider with questioning expression.

One day the clay was lifted again from its place, and carried into a great church. Its dream was coming true after all. It had a fine part to play in the world. Glorious music flowed over it. It was surrounded with flowers. Still it could not understand. So it whispered to another vessel of clay, like itself, close beside it, "Why have they set me here? Why do all the people look toward us?" And the other vessel answered, "Do you not know? You are carrying a royal scepter of lilies. Their petals are white as snow, and the heart of them is like pure gold. The people look this way because the flower is the most wonderful in the world. And the root of it is in your heart."

Then the clay was content, and silently thanked its maker because, though an earthen vessel, it held so great a treasure.

Expression of all combined:—mystery, questioning, awakening, disappointment, ignorance.

A pot of lilies in full bloom must be substituted now for the empty clay pot. Actor stands hesitatingly and needs not much facial expression here, but the music must be very expressive. As the lilies advance into the church music must express march of purpose and success and glory.

"Glorious music flowed over it"—the actor stands bewildered and wondering. Slowly raises the pot and sets it off from herself and for the first time scans it inquiringly.

Expression of serene happiness, with arms dropped to full length holding pot of lilies. Then with uplifted face and eyes full of contentment the actor slowly moves backward out of sight, while music, full and resounding, rolls out. Closing measures of A. Sullivan's music "The Lost Chord" may be used at this point.

LADY OF THE LAKE

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Arranged by ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS.

This dramatization was arranged in regular classroom work by an eighth-year class, the children eagerly looking for and choosing the parts to be acted.

Time needed for production: one hour.

LADY OF THE LAKE

PROLOGUE

[*Recited by CLASS.*]

HARP of the North ! that moldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep ?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep ?

O, wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ;
O, wake once more ! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay :
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again !

FIRST SCENE

JAMES FITZ-JAMES. [*Looking down.*]

I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed !

Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!

[*Steps forward and looks around.*]

What a scene were here,
For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow far away
The turrets of a cloister gray;
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide on the lake the lingering morn!

Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now—beshrew yon nimble deer!—
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.
Yet pass we that; the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place;—
A summer night in greenwood spent
Were but to-morrow's merriment:
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found;
To meet with Highland plunderers here
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—
I am alone;—my bugle strain [*Blows bugle.*]
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried.

[*As the bugle is blown, ELLEN comes slowly up the aisle (the lake).*]

ELLEN. Father! [*Waits a second.*]

Malcolm, was thine the blast? [*Much more softly.*]

JAMES FITZ-JAMES. A stranger I.

ELLEN. [*Starts back half frightened.*]

Our Highland halls are open still
To wildered wanderers of the hill.
Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home;
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a couch was pulled for you;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has erred,
No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand
I found a fay in fairy land!

ELLEN. [*Advancing nearer.*]

I well believe,
I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;
But yet, as far as yesternight
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—

A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.
He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting-suit of Lincoln green,
That tasseled horn so gaily gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron plumage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be
To grace a guest of fair degree;
But light I held his prophecy,
And deemed it was my father's horn
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES. [*Smiling.*]

Since to your home
A destined errant-knight I come,
Announced by prophet sooth and old,
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I 'll lightly front each high emprise
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
Permit me first the task to guide
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide.

[*They walk slowly down the aisle. Middle part of room,
her home.*]

ELLEN.

On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee!

[*As they enter the sword falls with a loud clang.* JAMES
FITZ-JAMES *picks it up, looks at it and speaks.*]

I never knew but one,
Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battlefield.

ELLEN. [*Taking sword.*]

You see the guardian champion's sword.

[*LADY MARGARET enters.*]

ELLEN. [*Turning to her.*]

A lonely wanderer on our isle.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES. [*Bowing.*]

I am the Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James;
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which my brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
My sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And I, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for my right with blade in hand.
This morning with Lord Moray's train
I chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripped my comrades, missed the deer,
Lost my good steed, and wandered here.

[*LADY MARGARET graciously leads them out.*]

SECOND SCENE

[JAMES FITZ-JAMES, *half-reclining, asleep.* ELLEN *stands at one side.*]

ELLEN. [*Sung to the music of Gottschalk's "Last Hope."* *The music suitable for the song was found and taught by Miss Joseph, a teacher in P. S. 15, Manhattan. The music in Harmonic Fourth Reader, page 92, may be used.*]

SONG

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing,
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

THIRD SCENE

[OLD ALLAN-BANE *sitting on a rock—soap-box covered with brown paper; and ELLEN sitting near. They are looking down the lake.*]

CLASS.

And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
Wafting the stranger on his way again,

Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel gray,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-haired
Allan-bane!

ALLAN-BANE. [*Singing, touching harp once in a while.*
Music—"Maryland, My Maryland."']

But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
Pine for his Highland home;
Then, warrior, then be thine to show
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;
Remember then thy hap erewhile,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle.

ELLEN. [*Sitting pensively.*]

Wake, Allan-bane,
[*To the old minstrel by her side—*]
Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
I'll give thy harp heroic theme,
And warm thee with a noble name;
Pour forth the glory of the Græme!

ALLAN-BANE.

Vainly thou bidst, O noble maid,
[*Clasping his withered hands*]
Vainly thou bidst me wake the strain,
Though all unwont to bid in vain.
Alas! than mine a mightier hand
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned!
I touch the chords of joy, but low
And mournful answer notes of woe;
And the proud march which victors tread
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.
O, well for me, if mine alone
That dirge's deep prophetic tone!
If, as my tuneful fathers said,
This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,
Can thus its master's fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!
O! if yet worse mishap and woe
My master's house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair
Brood in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final strain shall flow,
Fraught with unutterable woe,
Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die!

ELLEN.

Assuage,
Mine honored friend, the fears of age;
For me [*she stooped, and, looking round,*
Plucked a blue harebell from the ground],
For me, whose memory scarce conveys

An image of more splendid days,
This little flower that loves the lea
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the King's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair.
*[Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled].*

ALLAN-BANE.

Loveliest and best! thou little know'st
The rank, the honors, thou hast lost!
O, might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland's court, thy birthright place,
To see my favorite's step advance
The lightest in the courtly dance,
The cause of every gallant's sigh,
And leading star of every eye,
And theme of every minstrel's art,
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!

ELLEN.

Fair dreams are these,
[Light was her accent, yet she sighed],
Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;
Nor would my footstep spring more gay
In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
To royal minstrel's lay as thine.
And then for suitors proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye,—
Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say,

That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A Lennox foray—for a day.

ALLAN-BANE.

Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled?
In Holy-Rood a knight he slew;
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide;
And since, though outlawed, hath his hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land.
Who else dared give—ah; woe the day,
That I such hated truth should say!—
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disowned by every noble peer,
Even the rude refuge we have here?
Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!
Thy hand is on a lion's mane.

ELLEN.

Minstrel [*and high*
Her father's soul glanced from her eye],
My debts to Roderick's house I know:
All that a mother could bestow
To Lady Margaret's care I owe,
Since first an orphan in the wild
She sorrowed o'er her sister's child;
To her brave chieftain son, from ire
Of Scotland's King who shrouds my sire,
A deeper, holier debt is owed;

And could I pay it with my blood,
Allan! Sir Roderick should command
My blood, my life,—but not my hand.
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A votaress in Maronnan's cell;
Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love.

[*Soft music.*]

FOURTH SCENE

CLASS.

Far up the lengthened lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide.

[*CLASS sings. Music—Lohengrin's Wedding March.*]

BOAT SONG

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blest be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again,
“Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!”

LADY MARGARET. [*Coming up to ELLEN.*]

Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,
And shun to wreath a victor's brow?

ELLEN. [*Very reluctant, starts, then stops suddenly as she hears her father's bugle.*]

List, Allan-bane! From mainland cast
I hear my father's signal blast.
Be ours, the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain-side.

DOUGLAS. Ellen!

ELLEN. Father. [*Embrace.*]

DOUGLAS. [*Turning and placing hand on Malcolm's shoulder.*]

Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy
In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee:—he recalls the day
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answered loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon Chief may claim,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshaled crowd,
Though the waned crescent owned my might,
And in my train trooped lord and knight,
Though Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise.
As when this old man's silent tear,
And this poor maid's affection dear,
A welcome give more kind and true

Than aught my better fortunes knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,—
O, it out-beggars all I lost!

ELLEN.

O my sire!
Why urge thy chase so far away?
And why so late returned? And why—

DOUGLAS.

My child, the chase I follow far,
'Tis mimicry of noble war;
And with that gallant pastime reft
Were all of Douglas I have left.
I met young Malcolm as I strayed
Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade;
Nor strayed I safe, for all around
Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground.
This youth, though still a royal ward,
Risked life and land to be my guard,
And through the passes of the wood
Guided my steps, not unpursued;
And Roderick shall his welcome make,
Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
Nor peril aught for me again.

FIFTH SCENE

[*All in RODERICK'S home.*]

RODERICK DHU. [*Standing and looking around.*]

Short be my speech;—nor time affords,
Nor my plain temper, glozing words.
Kinsman and father,—if such name

Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim;
Mine honored mother;—Ellen,—why,
My cousin, turn away thine eye?—
And Græme, in whom I hope to know
Full soon a noble friend or foe,
When age shall give thee thy command,
And leading in thy native land,—
List all!—The King's vindictive pride
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,
So faithless and so ruthless known,
Now hither comes; his end the same,
The same pretext of sylvan game.
What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye
By fate of Border chivalry.
Yet more; amid Glenfinlas' green,
Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
This by espial sure I know:
Your counsel in the streight I show.

DOUGLAS.

Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
It may but thunder and pass o'er;
Nor will I here remain an hour,
To draw the lightning on thy bower;
Ellen and I will seek apart
The refuge of some forest cell,
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till on the mountain and the moor
The stern pursuit be passed and o'er.

RODERICK DHU.

No, by mine honor,
So help me Heaven, and my good blade!
No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,
My father's ancient crest and mine,

If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!
Hear my blunt speech: grant me this maid
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies flock enow;
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,
Will bind to us each Western Chief.
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,
The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;
And when I light the nuptial torch,
A thousand villages in flames
Shall scare the slumbers of King James!—
Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;
I meant not all my heat might say.—
Small need of inroad or of fight,
When the sage Douglas may unite
Each mountain clan in friendly band,
To guard the passes of their land,
Till the foiled King from pathless glen
Shall bootless turn him home again.

DOUGLAS.

Roderick, enough! enough!
My daughter cannot be thy bride;
Not that the blush to wooer dear,
Nor paleness that of maiden fear.
It may not be,—forgive her, Chief,
Nor hazard aught for our relief.
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er
Will level a rebellious spear.
'T was I that taught his youthful hand

To rein a steed and wield a brand;
 I see him yet, the princely boy!
 Not Ellen more my pride and joy;
 I love him still, ~~and~~ wipe my wrongs
 By hasty wrath and slanderous tongues.
 O, seek the grace you well may find,
 Without a cause to mine combined!

[ELLEN goes out. MALCOLM starts to follow her.]

RODERICK DHU.

Back, beardless boy!
 Back, minion! holdst thou thus at naught
 The lesson I so lately taught?
 This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,
 Thank thou for punishment delayed.

DOUGLAS.

Chieftains, forego!
 I hold the first who strikes my foe.—
 Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!
 What! is the Douglas fallen so far,
 His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil
 Of such dishonorable broil?

RODERICK DHU. [*Speaking to MALCOLM.*]

Rest safe till morning; pity 't were
 Such cheek should feel the midnight air!
 Malise, what ho! [*His henchmen came.*]
 Give our safe-conduct to the Græme.

MALCOLM GRÆME.

Fear nothing for thy favorite hold;
 The spot an angel deigned to grace
 Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place.
 Chieftain! we too shall find an hour.

[*Passes out with MALISE.*]

Tell Roderick Dhu I owed him naught,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to yon mountain-side.

SIXTH SCENE

IN GOBLIN CAVE.

CLASS.

Where is the Douglas?—he is gone;
And Ellen sits on the gray stone
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan.

ALLAN-BANE.

He will return—dear lady, trust!—
With joy return;—he will—he must.

ELLEN.

Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,
Buys his friends' safety with his own;
He goes to do—what I had done,
Had Douglas' daughter been his son!

CLASS.

Just as the minstrel sounds were stayed,
A stranger climbed the steepy glade;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting-suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
'Tis Snowdown's Knight, 'tis James Fitz
James.

ELLEN.

O stranger! in such hour of fear
What evil hap has brought thee here?

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

An evil hap, how can it be
That bids me look again on thee?
By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning-tide,
And marshaled over bank and bourne
The happy path of my return.

ELLEN.

The happy path!—what!—said he naught
Of war, of battle to be fought,
Of guarded pass?

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

No, by my faith!
Nor saw I aught could augur scathe.

ELLEN.

O haste thee, Allan, to the kern:
Yonder his tartans I discern;
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure
That he will guide the stranger sure!—
What prompted thee, unhappy man?
The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
Had not been bribed, by love or fear,
Unknown to him to guide thee here.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Sween Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee;
Yet life I hold but idle breath
When love or honor's weighed with death.
Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once.
I come to bear thee from a wild
Where ne'er before such blossom smiled,

By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war.
Near Bochastle my horses wait;
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
I 'll place thee in a lovely bower,
I 'll guard thee like a tender flower—

ELLEN.

O hush, Sir Knight! 't were female art,
To say I do not read thy heart;
Too much, before, my selfish ear
Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
That fatal bait hath lured thee back,
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;
And how, O how, can I atone
The wreck my vanity brought on!—
One way remains—I 'll tell him all—
Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
But first—my father is a man
Outlawed and exiled under ban;
The price of blood is on his head,
With me 't were infamy to wed.
Still wouldst thou speak?—then hear the truth!
Fitz-James, there is a noble youth—
If yet he is!—exposed for me
And mine to dread extremity—
Thou hast the secret of my heart;
Forgive, be generous, and depart!

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Hear, lady, yet a parting word!—
It chanced in fight that my poor sword

Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
 This ring the grateful Monarch gave,
 And bade, when I had boon to crave,
 To bring it back, and boldly claim
 The recompense that I would name.
 Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
 But one who lives by lance and sword,
 Whose castle is his helm and shield,
 His lordship the embattled field.
 What from a prince can I demand,
 Who neither reck of state nor land?
 Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;
 Each guard and usher knows the sign.
 Seek thou the King without delay;
 This signet shall secure thy way:
 And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
 As ransom of his pledge to me.
[He placed the golden circlet on,
Caused—kissed her hand—and then was gone.]

SEVENTH SCENE

MAD BLANCHE SCENE

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Murdoch! was that a signal cry?—

RED MURDOCH. *[The guide.]*

I shout to scare

Yon raven from his dainty fare.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES. *[Looks at his dead horse.]*

*[He looked—he knew the raven's prey,
 His own brave steed]: Ah! gallant gray!*

For thee—for me, perchance—'t were well
We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell.—
Murdoch, move first—but silently;
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!

MAD BLANCHE. [*Standing on a box; hair flowing, etc.; sings. Music of "The Tyrolese and His Child."*]

SONG

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warped and wrung,—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest, and pray
That Heaven would close my wint'ry day!

'T was thus my hair they bade me braid,
They made me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn, they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But woe betide the cruel guile
That drowned in blood the morning smile!
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o'er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle gray,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring.

RED MURDOCH. [*Raises his bow and arrow.*]

'T is Blanche of Devan,

A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick forayed Devan-side.
The gay bridegroom resistance made,
And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.

I marvel she is now at large,
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.—
Hence, brain-sick fool!

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,
I 'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
As ever peasant pitched a bar!

MAD BLANCHE.

Thanks, champion, thanks!
[*And pressed her to FITZ-JAMES's side.*]
See the gray pennons I prepare, [*holds up feathers.*]
To seek my true love through the air!
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batten on his bones,
And then shall his detested plaid,
By bush and brier in mid-air stayed,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!

MAD BLANCHE.

O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;

And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

[*Chants.*]

For O my sweet William was forester true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trilled the Lowland lay!

It was not that I meant to tell . . .
But thou art wise and guessest well.

The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,—
Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

It was a stag, a stag of ten,
Bearing its branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,—
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warned him of the toils below,
O, so faithfully, faithfully!

He had an eye, and he could heed,—
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed,—
Hunters watch so narrowly.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES. [*To RED MURDOCK.*]

Disclose thy treachery, or die!

[RED MURDOCK *raises bow and arrow, aims at JAMES*

FITZ-JAMES *and hits* BLANCHE. JAMES FITZ-JAMES
follows and kills him. Then returns to MAD BLANCHE.]

MAD BLANCHE.

Stranger, it is in vain.
This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye
That thou wert mine avenger born.
Seest thou this tress?—O, still I've worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair!
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.
I will not tell thee when 't was shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head,—
My brain would turn!—but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And thou wilt bring it me again.
I waver still.—O God! more bright
Let reason beam her parting light!—
O, by thy knighthood's honored sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,
With tartans broad and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapons strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!—

They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell.

[*Dies.*]

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

God, in my need, be my relief,
As I wreak this on yonder Chief!

EIGHTH SCENE

THE MEETING

RODERICK DHU.

Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

A stranger.

RODERICK DHU.

What dost thou require?

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.

RODERICK DHU.

Art thou a friend to Roderick?

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

No.

RODERICK DHU.

Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand.
Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,

And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest.

RODERICK DHU.

If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Then by these tokens mayst thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe.

RODERICK DHU.

Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.
Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more,—upon thy fate, 't is said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,—
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,

As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 't is nobly given!

RODERICK DHU.

Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby.

NINTH SCENE

THEY DECLARE THEMSELVES

RODERICK DHU.

By what strange cause
Did you seek these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu?

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell,
I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
Though deep perchance the villain lied.

RODERICK DHU.

Yet why a second venture try?

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

A warrior thou, and ask me why!—

RODERICK DHU.

Thy secret kept, I urge thee not;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung.
Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart.

RODERICK DHU.

Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:—
Seek cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu?

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

And, if I sought,

Think'st thou none could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain in lady's bower
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!

RODERICK DHU.

Have then thy wish! [*Blows whistle.*]

[*Interlude recited in rear of assembly room by a good speaker.*]

He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into ax and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men.

[*Turn stand on defense during recitation.*]

RODERICK DHU. [*At the whistle all the children in class, in Scotch costume, suddenly stand up.*]

How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon—I am Roderick Dhu!

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

[*At a motion from RODERICK DHU all his warriors disappear—sit down.*]

RODERICK DHU.

Fear naught—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
So move we on;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

TENTH SCENE

THE COMBAT AT COILANTOGLE FORD

RODERICK DHU.

Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,

Armed like thyself with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES. [*Hesitatingly.*]

I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?

RODERICK DHU.

No, stranger, none!
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
“Who spills the foremost foeman’s life,
His party conquers in the strife.”

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Then, by my word,
The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy;
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James at Stirling let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word

That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand
That aids thee now to guard thy land.

RODERICK DHU.

Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate;—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.

[They wrestle.]

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Now yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!

RODERICK DHU.

Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die.

[RODERICK *remains down*, JAMES FITZ-JAMES *stands*.]

CLASS.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

ELEVENTH SCENE

[*Stirling Castle*.]

ELLEN AND ALLAN-BANE. [*Meeting JAMES FITZ-JAMES
outside of castle*.]

O welcome, brave Fitz-James!
How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt—

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

O say not so!
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.

[*He leads her into the room where all stand with uncovered head, except JAMES FITZ-JAMES*.]

CLASS.

He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The center of a glittering ring,—
And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's King!
[ELLEN *looks around in surprise and then kneels.*]

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Yes, fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James,
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask naught for Douglas—yester even,
His Prince and he have much forgiven;
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.
Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring,—
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?

ELLEN. [*Slowly.*]
Roderick Dhu?

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Forbear thy suit;—the King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand;—
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?

[ELLEN, *blushing, turns to her father, DOUGLAS, gives him the ring and whispers to MALCOLM.*]

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
Malcolm, come forth!—[*and, at the word,
Down kneeled the Græme to Scotland's Lord.*]—
For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought amid thy faithful clan
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonoring thus thy loyal name.—
Fetters and warder for the Græme!

[*Throws chain around MALCOLM'S neck and gives the other end of chain to ELLEN.*]

EPILOGUE

CLASS.

Harp of the North, farewell!
Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
And now, 't is silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!

THE FAIRY MINSTREL OF GLENMALURE

A Dramatization of EDMUND LEAMY'S "The Fairy Minstrel of Glenmalure, by ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS, Director of the Dramatic Club of Public School 15, Manhattan. By courtesy of Desmond-Fitzgerald Co., Publishers.

This beautiful little story was brought to the attention of Miss Knox, Principal of Public School 15, Manhattan, by Mr. Walter Beers, representing the Desmond-Fitzgerald Co. She, instantly seeing the possibility of it as a play for children, gave it to the Dramatic Club.

(By Courtesy of Desmond-Fitzgerald Co., Publishers.)

CHARACTERS

KATHLEEN, a tiny girl

EMUN, her brother—a tiny boy

THE FAIRY MINSTREL, the tiniest gentleman. A very small child, dressed in three-cornered black hat with red plume; a little black coat with long tails; red waistcoat; yellow knee-breeches; white stockings, little black slippers with gold buckles. Carries a reed.

MR. AND MRS. MAGPIE, two children dressed in white with black capes to represent wings; black peaked hats.

GRANNY, girl dressed as old Irish woman

MOTHER, girl dressed as young Irish woman

GIANT, very big child, dressed in red Roman tunic; large hat; carrying an immense stick.

BAND OF GALLANTS AND PRINCE GOLDEN HAIR, twenty-one small children, dressed in white; light green capes; light green caps.

Place: In the Forest.

THE FAIRY MINSTREL OF GLENMALURE

FIRST SCENE

[EMUN *lying on the ground*; KATHLEEN *stitching the sleeve of her dolly's dress*.]

KATHLEEN. Emun, do you believe that there are any real live fairies now?

EMUN. I don't know. [*A beech nut hits him on the nose. As he sits up the FAIRY MINSTREL dances in. He holds the reed as if playing. Beautiful, suitable, soft music on the piano is played whenever the MINSTREL is seen.*]

FAIRY MINSTREL. [*Dances around several times. Children gaze at him amazed.*] Oh, you don't, don't you? [*Dances out.*]

MR. MAGPIE. [*Hopping out.*] Well, in all my born days, I never saw the like of that before.

KATHLEEN. Oh, Emun, look! There is a single magpie.

MRS. MAGPIE. [*Hopping out.*] There are some little girls that I know, who are in a very great hurry to speak sometimes.

EMUN. There are two magpies now, and two are for luck.

MR. MAGPIE. It is true for you, and both of you are in luck to-day.

EMUN. Who was that little man?

MR. MAGPIE. He is Fardharrig, the Fairy Minstrel of Glenmalure.

KATHLEEN. And what tune was he playing?

MRS. MAGPIE. He was playing "The Wind in the Reeds." It is a very sweet tune, but it is very sad, and it always makes me cry. [*Wipes her eyes.*] Dear me, I am sorry I left my little lace handkerchief at home. [*Puts head under wing.* MR. MAGPIE *chuckles.*]

MR. MAGPIE. It is a sad tune, indeed. But, oh! if you could hear him playing "The Bees among the Blossoms" you would never tire listening to it.

EMUN. And where could we hear him playing that?

MR. MAGPIE. If you go round there to the sunny side of the wood, and go in through the first mossy pathway you meet, maybe it won't be long till you find him.

KATHLEEN. Oh, come on, Emun! [*Children run out, hand in hand.*]

[MAGPIES *hop out.* MRS. MAGPIE *taking with her KATHLEEN'S silver thimble and sewing.* Children run in.]

KATHLEEN. This is surely the sunny side; see it glow on the pathway!

EMUN. A rabbit! Oh, let us catch it, Kathleen! [*As they start to run, GRANNY appears.*]

GRANNY. [*Carrying milk pail.*] Oh, botheration to you, you little rabbit, but you nearly knocked me down! [*Sees children.*] Dearie me, 'tis I am glad to see you, darlings; come home with me. [*Sound of music as FAIRY MINSTREL comes in.*]

EMUN. Oh, what is he playing now?

GRANNY. He is playing, "Colleen dhas cruithin na-mo," "The pretty girl milking the cows."

EMUN. I never heard that tune before.

GRANNY. Of course you never did, nor did any one else. He is making it up now in honor of Miss Kathleen; but it will be sung everywhere yet all over Erin by the milkmaids in the sunset on summer eves. Come with me now, into the summer-house. I have the nicest griddle-bread you ever tasted [*in this part EMUN and KATHLEEN show their childish delight in good things to eat*], and the biggest and the sweetest blackberries, and you never drank any cream that is half so rich as this milk.

EMUN. And could the little minstrel man come with us?

GRANNY. My darling boy, that 's the very thing I should like, for I never let a minstrel pass my door, and have never sent one empty away.

KATHLEEN. And may we both go and bring him in?

GRANNY. Of course, dearest, and I 'll go and get ready the griddle-bread. [*Goes back of screen. The children run up to FAIRY MINSTREL, who jumps up and doffs his plumed hat.*]

KATHLEEN. Will you come and lunch with us and Granny?

FAIRY MINSTREL. I shall be delighted, my lady. [*Bows deeply. GRANNY comes out to meet them.*]

GRANNY. Welcome, and welcome again, Fardharrig! [*They all go behind screen and then come out again.*]

GRANNY. Dearie me! There was something I forgot. Could you guess what it was, Kathleen?

KATHLEEN. I don't know—the dinner was so good—unless it was honey.

GRANNY. The very thing, and I am so sorry.

EMUN. I know what I should like.

GRANNY. And what is it?

EMUN. I should like to hear another tune from the little minstrel.

FAIRY MINSTREL. [*Pleased.*] Oh, you would? What would you like?

EMUN. Will you play, "The Bees among the Blossoms"?

FAIRY MINSTREL. With the greatest pleasure. [*Sits himself on high stand; children and GRANNY group around him. Exquisite music played softly while another child, standing to the side, recites interlude.*]

INTERLUDE. "At first the children could scarcely hear any sound, but the most wonderful perfume filled the summer-house as of numberless sweet-scented flowers. But soon they began to hear a faint, drowsy hum, something like that which they were wont to hear up in the top boughs of the sweet-blossomed lime tree that grew near their house. And as they listened, the sound seemed to come nearer and nearer, and to shape itself into the most exquisite melody. And as it sank into their ears and into their hearts, the children stood as if they were fascinated, their eyes wide open, watching the little man. They hardly dared to breathe lest they might miss a note of the bewitching music. And they would have so stood forever, if the little man had not finished playing and put the reed in his pocket."

MINSTREL. [*Jumping up.*] I must be going. I see a

crow out there from Glenmalure. I know he is from Glenmalure by the twist of his tail, and if I catch him in time he will give me a lift home. So good-by to you all now, and may good luck attend you and blessings shower down on you, and don't come further with me than the door, lest the crow would hear you, and take himself off. [*Doff's his plumed hat and throws a kiss to KATHLEEN. Music—"Over the Hills and Far Away."*]

KATHLEEN. He is playing again.

EMUN. He is, and I know what he is playing.

GRANNY. What is it? [GRANNY *places the honey where the children will see it.*]

EMUN. "Over the Hills and Far Away."

KATHLEEN. [*Turning.*] Oh, my! Honey! Emun! honey! Where do you think it came from?

GRANNY. Where do *you* think it came from?

KATHLEEN. I don't know.

EMUN. Neither do I, unless it was the bees among the blossoms that we heard in the little man's music that brought it to us.

GRANNY. You have guessed right, Emun, asthore.

KATHLEEN. But why did we not see the bees?

GRANNY. Because you could not take your eyes off the Fairy Minstrel's face.

KATHLEEN. That's really true. I thought my eyes were fastened to his.

EMUN. I thought so, too. [*Children whisper to each other.*]

GRANNY. [*Smiling.*] What is it? Speak out and don't be afraid.

EMUN. [*Shyly.*] We should like to take some of it home to little mother.

KATHLEEN. We should. We always like to bring her home flowers and sweets, and everything that 's nice.

GRANNY. And you shall bring her home the honey too. [*Takes out two tiny baskets and places in them the honey combs.*] And now, I am sure you would like to get home to your little mother.

KATHLEEN. We should, and we thank you for a very happy day.

GRANNY. I can only go a little bit of the way with you, but I shall put you on the right track, and when you are once on it, don't stop to look at anything, or maybe you would get into trouble. [*Kisses and blesses them; goes out. Children run off hand in hand and back again to center of stage.*]

KATHLEEN. Oh, Emun, Emun [*pulling him back*], what is that growing on the tree?

EMUN. Come on, come on; did not the little woman tell you not to stop?

KATHLEEN. Yes; but what is it?

EMUN. I think it is a wasp's nest. Oh! Oh! [*Children very frightened as sounds of buzzing, and "We 'll sting you to death! We 'll sting you to death!" Bzzzzzz! come from behind the scenes.*]

[PRINCE GOLDEN HAIR followed by his twenty gallants comes running out.]

PRINCE GOLDEN HAIR. Will you sting them to death? Charge, my gallant knights [*all charge*], and don't leave a wasp alive! [*While he is speaking, GRANNY rushes in.*]

GRANNY. Welcome, Prince Golden Hair! Welcome, my bonny outlaws of the woods of Glenmalure! Now after your hard fight and great victory, I am sure you all want a drink of milk, so come along and take it! [*The band rush to the pail. Prince, very much annoyed, makes the gallants stand in line.*]

PRINCE GOLDEN HAIR. March round the pail in regular order, and as each one of you pass dip in your drinking horn. [*Each knight takes from his belt a tiny drinking horn.*] It will always be a great pleasure to me that we were able to save your lives. I am sorry that I cannot send an escort with you, but my outlaws and myself are bound to be back in Glenmalure before sunset. It is nearly that now, so we must go. [*Shakes hands with GRANNY and EMUN; kisses KATHLEEN'S hand. March out.*]

GRANNY. Now, children, I wish I could go with you. But run as fast as ever you can, and don't look to the right or to the left until you get out of this enchanted wood. Blessings on you again, Emun, asthore, and on you, Kathleen, aroon. [*Hugs each.*] Run for your bare lives. [*Children run and GRANNY goes out.*]

[*A great noise is heard and the children are terribly frightened.*]

GIANT. [*Thumping with stick.*] Ho! ho! [*Very loud voice.*] Who have we here?

EMUN. Two children, who are going home to their little mother.

GIANT. Home! Home was never like this place.

[Seizes a child with each hand. Stretches out on stage and goes asleep.]

KATHLEEN. *[Cuddling up close to EMUN.]* Oh, Emun, what will he do? Will he eat us?

EMUN. I don't know, but if little mother were here she would save us.

KATHLEEN. Do you think she would hear us calling her, Emun? You know she always heard us calling her, even when she used to be asleep.

EMUN. But she would not know where to find us, and maybe the giant would eat her too, and we should not like that?

KATHLEEN. No, but listen. Emun, what is that? Listen! *[Very soft music.]*

FAIRY MINSTREL. *[Coming up softly; on higher stand.]* Not a word out of you; but whisper, and listen to me. The giant will start to have supper soon. And he will take the two of you and give you a chance for your lives; for he does that to all his prisoners. He will ask you, Emun, three riddles, and if you can answer the three right, he will let you go. If you can't, it will be all up with you.

EMUN. What are they?

FAIRY MINSTREL. I am sorry to say, I only know two he is sure to ask you. You must try to answer the third for yourself.

EMUN. What are the two?

FAIRY MINSTREL. The first is, "What is whiter than the snow of one night?" and the second is, "What is blacker than the blackest night?"

EMUN. And what are the answers to them?

FAIRY MINSTREL. I beg your pardon, Miss Kathleen, for whispering in the presence of a lady, but I am under bonds never to tell these answers to more than one person at the same time, and that person is under a bond never to tell them to any one until he is asked the riddles by the giant. For if he should tell them, the giant would ask him other riddles which he could not answer, and he would be put to death. [*Whispers to EMUN.*] I'm sorry, my poor Emun, I can't tell you the third answer, but if all goes to all, and you can't think of it, try and remember what children see in their dreams in the darkness. And now, I must go, for if the giant discovered me here, he would make me a prisoner for life. But keep up your hearts, and may blessings attend the two of you.

GIANT. [*Letting out some fearful roars, sits up.*] Come now, before I cut you up for my supper, I shall give you three chances for your lives. Do you know what a riddle is?"

EMUN. I do.

GIANT. Well, I shall ask you three riddles, and if you answer the three right, this club will fall by itself, and the moment it falls you must fly for your lives, or I might be tempted to forego my word. Are you ready?

EMUN. Yes.

GIANT. First riddle then—"What is whiter than the snow of one night?"

EMUN. A soul without sin.

GIANT. [*Very angry.*] Second riddle—"What is blacker than the blackest night?"

EMUN. A heart without gratitude.

GIANT. [*Roaring in anger.*] The third riddle, and remember on your answer depends your lives—"What is brighter than the stars of night?" [EMUN *looks worried.*] I'll give you two minutes to answer. [*Takes out frying pan with face of clock on back of it.* KATHLEEN *nestles up to EMUN, tears running down her face.*] One minute gone! [EMUN'S *face must show different thoughts, and then the rejection of them.*] A minute and a half gone! [GIANT'S *face much brighter.*] A minute and three quarters gone!

EMUN. [*Suddenly jumping up.*] I know it! [*In a ringing voice.*]

GIANT. [*Very angry.*] What is it, "What are brighter than the stars of night?"

EMUN. A mother's eyes! [*Stick falls. Children run. GIANT stalks out on other side.*]

MOTHER. [*Calling.*] Kathleen! Kathleen! Emun! Emun! where are you?

KATHLEEN. Emun! Emun! that is motherreen!

EMUN. Hurrah! Hurrah!

MOTHER. Where, where have you been, my darlings? [*Putting arm around each.*]

KATHLEEN. Oh, mother, mother, Emun told the giant that a mother's eyes are brighter than the stars of night, and now we know,—don't we, Emun,—that her voice is sweeter than the music of the Fairy Minstrel of Glenmalure? [*MOTHER kisses them.*]

A NATURE PLAY IN A CITY SCHOOL

Written for The Burroughs Nature Club * of Public School 188 and
Public School 15, Manhattan.

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of
John Burroughs' Works.

CHARACTERS

MEMBERS OF THE CLUB, schoolchildren who read the books by John Burroughs and answer each week questions based on them

CHILDREN IMPERSONATING THE BOOKS BY JOHN BURROUGHS. (Dressed in shields made to represent bookbindings, in blue similar to the binding of the set of John Burroughs' books. On each shield is printed the name of the book it represents).

MOLLIE, a new pupil in the school

A NATURE PLAY IN A CITY SCHOOL

FIRST SCENE

[*Members of the club talking in groups.*]

REBECCA. [*Yawning and stretching.*] Well, I am tired. I do think arithmetic is a stupid subject. I am sure I should have gone to sleep this last period if I had not remembered that we were to have a meeting of the Burroughs Club to-day.

MOLLIE. Oh, I am so anxious to learn about this Burroughs Club. I am so glad that your meeting is on this, my first day in this big school.

REBECCA. We are sure you will like the club. And you will learn all about the flowers, and birds, and many, many other things.

MOLLIE. Oh, how I wish I could stay in the country for a while and learn to know the flowers, and make friends with the birds!

ROSE. I thought you were so fond of the city. What has made you change your mind?

MOLLIE. Oh, ever since I attended the Nature Exhibit I have had a great desire to be with the birds and make them my daily companions. Now that the happy spring-time is here, I wish it more than ever.

“BIRDS AND POETS.” [*Coming in.*] I would that I might give you your heart’s desire, dear child, but although

it is not within my power to do that, I may possibly help you to become better acquainted with some of our feathered songsters. Do you know me?

MOLLIE. I think I have seen you before, but I am not quite sure of your name. Do you belong to our revered friend, Mr. Burroughs?

“BIRDS AND POETS.” Yes, indeed, I am one of his literary children. “Birds and Poets” is my name. If you look over my pages you will find many interesting facts about birds. I should like to have you read the story of how these birds made a man who had moved to a strange place in the country feel perfectly at home before he was fairly settled in his new quarters. [*Opening book in his hand to pages 83 and 84.*] Sit right down in this comfortable chair and enjoy me.

MOLLIE. [*Taking book, reads.*] “I go to take up my abode in the country. I know nobody and nobody knows me. The roads, the fields, the hills, the streams, the woods are all strange. I look wistfully upon them, but they know me not. But there on every hand are the birds; the same ones I left behind me, the robins, sparrows, bobolinks, crows, hawks, meadow-larks [*other children commence making the sounds of the birds mentioned*—all there before me, ready to renew old associations. Before my home is begun theirs is completed.”

LENA. We saw stuffed birds like those and their homes when the case of birds came from the Museum of Natural History.

ESTHER. I liked the meadow-lark best.

MOLLIE. Wait, there is more to read. “I do not know what kind of apples my trees bear, but there in the cavity

of a decayed limb the bluebirds are building a nest, and yonder on that branch the sparrow is busy with hairs and straws.”

TESSIE. What does “cavity” mean?

ROSE. [*Superior tone.*] A hollow place.

MOLLIE. [*Looking up from book.*] Oh, there are many more lovely things here—about robins, and cherries, phœbe-birds, and, and— Oh, you must all read it. Thank you [*turning to “BIRDS AND POETS”*] for letting me read this beautiful story. I hope that some day I may own a home in the country where the birds will not be afraid to come. Has Mr. Burroughs written any other books?

“BIRDS AND POETS.” Oh, yes, a great many. Why! Here comes “Wake-Robin”!

“WAKE-ROBIN.” How do you do? I, too, have come to help you, Mollie. If you turn my pages carefully you will find all the lovely things that come in the springtime. The bluebird and the robin and the phœbe sing gaily from my first few pages. If you like me well enough, I shall take you through the beautiful forests and introduce you to my friends, the trees, and show you the homes of our bird friends. Will you come with me?

MOLLIE. Of course I shall. I should like to go now.

KATIE. Rose, do you remember the rimes I wrote on an ideal resort for a bird?

ROSE. No, Katie, but won’t you recite them for us?

KATIE. [*Recites original rime.*] Certainly!

High up in a tree is a nest
The wind rocks to and fro.

For a bird 't is an ideal place to rest,
 And when the winds blow
 The cradle rocks low. [*Members applaud.*]

"BIRDS AND POETS." I declare! Three more of our set. Volumes II, V, and XV. [*Enter "PEPACTON," "WINTER-SUNSHINE" and "LIGHT OF DAY."*]

MOLLIE. [*Going up to "PEPACTON" and pointing to name.*] What a queer name! P-e-p-a-c-t-o-n. How do you pronounce it?

"PEPACTON." Pepacton. I am named after the beautiful river near which John Burroughs was born. If you could see it you would not wonder at his love for nature. The river rises in a deep gorge in the mountains, in the midst of the wildest scenery. Read me and I shall show you how Mr. Burroughs learned the secrets of the hawks, and the heron, the whip-poor-will and the bobolink. You will hear the strange mysterious song of the thrush in the dense forest, and find fascinating wild things growing along the trail up the mountain side. More than this, you will discover that the country is almost as beautiful in winter as in summer. Think of an immense landscape in immaculate white, every object so clearly defined that one can see a fox half a league away.

WALTER. Would n't that be a fine place for a sleigh ride?

MOLLIE. I not only want to read you, "Pepacton," but I long to visit the place you have just described.

"WINTER-SUNSHINE." I can add a great deal more about the delights of winter, as my name will show you. I am "Winter-Sunshine." Wander with me over the new-fallen snow. I shall show you the homes of elves and fairy

sprites—palaces decked with rare jewels, sparkling under the winter sun! Watch the snow-carpet! See that small black thread woven in and out upon it like the links of a chain! 'T is the trail—

JEANETTE. Oh! I know you, "Winter-Sunshine"! You are the one who told us about the skunk that awoke from his winter's nap and stole the brood of chicks from poor Mother Hen. The pickpocket skunk! Oh, yes, indeed! You gave us much pleasure.

MOLLIE. How is it that you know "Winter-Sunshine," Jeanette?

JEANETTE. From the Burroughs Nature Club, of course. We find the answers to many interesting questions in these books!

"WINTER-SUNSHINE." But you may wander on other paths with me, too; for I can show you the path which Shakespeare trod on his way to Anne Hathaway's cottage, or the road made jolly by Ben Jonson on his way to Scotland, or the country traversed by Wilson, the bird lover, on his trip from Niagara to Philadelphia. Will you wander with me over any of these? I shall cheer you all the way, for I am "Winter-Sunshine."

"LIGHT OF DAY." [*Stepping forward.*] It is surely appropriate for me to follow "Winter-Sunshine," for I am called "The Light of Day," a name so attractive that you will be eager to know what I have to give you, if not now, when you are older. In one chapter it is suggested that "maybe this brown sun-tanned, sin-stained earth is a sister to the morning and the evening star." You cannot read my pages without realizing more and more the beauty and grandeur of this wonderful old world we live in.

MOLLIE. I am longing to read you all. What! More!
 [*Enter "FAR AND NEAR," "RIVERBY," and "SIGNS AND SEASONS."*]

ROSE. Oh, I know you, "Far and Near." [*Shaking hands.*] You gave us the answer to the question about the arrival of the robin and the character of his nest. As we have a robin's nest in our room, we can see that what you say is true: it is made of twigs and straw, plastered with mud.

"FAR AND NEAR." Rose, have you read how some robins tried to build a nest on the roof of Mr. Burroughs' cabin?

ROSE. [*Taking the book from "FAR AND NEAR," and opening it.*] Oh, yes! Here it is on page 135.

"RIVERBY." [*Stepping forward and placing one hand on MOLLIE'S shoulder.*] My child, I hope I have something for you, too. My name, as you see, is "Riverby," after Mr. Burroughs' home on the Hudson. Come with me to the fields and woods and I shall show you many wild flowers, some of which you have never seen. I am sure you will be glad to find these new friends, and I hope you will love them all. I can tell you so much about the birds. I know all about their nests, their eggs, how they go a-courting, about their songs, the care of their young, and many other interesting things. And, Mollie, if you really love Nature, and would like to remember the many changes and new things that appear daily during the lovely spring season, I can tell you how to keep a journal of spring jottings which will help you recall many a delightful day which you might otherwise forget. [*Enter "FRESH FIELDS."*]

"FRESH FIELDS." So far, children, every visitor has told you about America, but I am "Fresh Fields." I shall

carry you gently from the American shores to the land of moors and crags, where one instantly turns from nature to scenes of deep, historical, legendary or artistic interest. First, let me take you into the land of the poet, Burns, where one drinks in all the beauties of rural Britain.

TESSIE. Oh, we all learned a poem by Robert Burns—"A Man 's a Man for A' That!"

"FRESH FIELDS." Good! Well, let us continue our tour through the Highlands, up one loch, down another, and finally to Edinburgh. Then let us travel through Carlyle's country. Do you not notice the profusion of wild flowers? Such a wealth of purple and green, bell after bell swinging to the bee and the butterfly, row after row standing like sentinels lining the road of the pedestrian.

WALTER. We saw the stereographs of the lochs of Scotland in a geography lesson.

LENA. And the flowers make me think of our Memory Gem, "The Daffodils."

"FRESH FIELDS." Travel again with me and let me take you to the land that is always green, always cool, always moist, comparatively free from frost in winter and from drought in summer. Grass, grass, grass everywhere—such a becushioned and becurtained expanse of land. Even the woods are full of grass. It grows upon the rocks, upon the walls, on the tops of old castles, on the roofs of the houses, and in winter the hayseed sometimes sprouts upon the backs of the sheep. Even the walls of the old castles and cathedrals support a variety of plant life. The very stones seem to sprout. Do you hear the song of the nightingale? Do you hear the song of England's sweetest singer, the skylark?

CHILDREN.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert.

"FRESH FIELDS." Yes, Shelley loved the skylark. Hear it warble! Our journey through the land of flowers, song, and beauty is over; return with me, I pray you, in our fairy vessel to our own United States.

MOLLIE. Oh, what a lovely book! I have always wanted to travel, and now you take me away over to Europe and make me see the very "hedgerows of England" that Priscilla thought about so often. Indeed, I shall need you many, many times. You shall be my very good friend. Who is this? Another lovely book? [*Enter* "LITERARY VALUES."]

"LITERARY VALUES." Yes, here I am ready to show you how to write a book yourself some day, for I am "Literary Values." But I can tell you other things, for as you turn my pages you will find one marked "The Secret of Happiness." Here are three little hints for finding that wonderful thing, happiness, especially when you have grown old: Good old books to read; happy things to think of; and, greatest of all cures for unhappiness, something to do every moment of the day. Don't you wish to read me just to find out some of my other secrets?

MOLLIE. Yes, indeed, we all wish to find the "Secret of Happiness." I think I have found it now by getting all these lovely new friends. [*Enter* "LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY" and "LEAF AND TENDRIL."]

"LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY." But don't leave us out of your list of friends or you will miss much of the beauty of the world. My name is "Locusts and Wild Honey." I

can tell you about many delights in nature:—the bees; the strawberry; the birds; and many more things. I suppose you have never spent a week in the woods.

CHILDREN. No.

“LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY.” I can tell you how delightful a week spent close to Nature can be made, if you use your eyes and look for all the interesting things to be seen. And here comes my brother to help you pass the time when a rainy day arrives. [*Enter* “INDOOR STUDIES.”]

“INDOOR STUDIES.” Yes, my companions are all good for clear sunshiny weather, but when a rainy day comes and you do not wish a ramble in the woods or a walk along the highway, then make friends with me, for I am “Indoor Studies.” I can tell you of that other nature-lover, Thoreau; he who, strange man that he was, “delighted in storms and in frost and cold.” Again, I can show you “how very successfully Tennyson puts wings to a fact of science.” Or do you wish to become acquainted with that cultured man, Matthew Arnold? He is a good friend of mine and I shall introduce you to him and to those very different giants, Emerson and Carlyle. Perhaps you would like to know of a really great man who found it as hard to rise early, as you do. That is Dr. Samuel Johnson, another friend that you will meet if you spend an hour with me. And above all I can tell you of my own father, John Burroughs. Of all his children, he must have loved me most dearly, for into my ear he whispered many things about himself.

ALL. Is Mr. Burroughs your father, too?

“INDOOR STUDIES.” Yes, John Burroughs is father of us all. Do you like him?

MOLLIE. Oh! I just love him for having written all these delightful things. [*Enter "WALT WHITMAN."*]

JEANETTE. See, Mollie, here comes another. I don't believe I met this one before.

"WALT WHITMAN." Pray listen to me. I am far different from the rest. They all tell of some bird or animal, but I tell of the life of the celebrated Walt Whitman. His life was a poet's life from first to last. One of his most enjoyable books, that you will want to read when you are older, is "Leaves of Grass."

MOLLIE. I have so many good things to read now that I shall save this one for a day when I am hungry and have no more pudding. [*Aside.*] That is the good thing about books,—they never spoil like cake, or candy, or fruit, and when you are old you can enjoy them even more, I imagine. So I shall put you away, dear book, for my rainy day in literature.

JEANETTE. But who is this I see coming? Still another book, I declare! Why, what a brain this great John Burroughs must have, to send forth so many thought children! [*Enter "WAYS OF NATURE."*]

"WAYS OF NATURE." I hope you are not tired of our great family.

MOLLIE. Tired indeed! Can you tire of the beauty and sweetness of Nature?

"WAYS OF NATURE." I am Volume XIV. My name is "Ways of Nature." Does that not sound interesting? You will find me a little different from the other books. Oh, I can teach you many, many new and interesting things.

MOLLIE. It is so hard to imagine all these beauties of

Nature when one lives in the crowded, busy streets of our great city.

ROSE. Oh, no, Mollie. Let all our classes show you how we use this knowledge gained from these lovely books, in this great, crowded city school.

[*As books glide out to music, child steps up to MOLLIE and touches her on the shoulder.*]

SPIRIT OF NATURE. We shall show you how our children find Nature in this wonderful world of ours.

[1. Seed-planting. *Twelve children from 1A run in with pots, seeds, rake, hoe, trowel, etc. Kindergarten children gather in a group and sing,—“Planting a Seed.” As they sing, children with pot and seeds plant the seeds while others do the pantomime of planting. Recitation by one of the children,—“In the Heart of a Seed.”*]

[2. Window Gardening. *Tables with glasses, pebbles, bulbs, ferns, water. Children give directions for planting bulbs; taking care of ferns, etc. Group of children then appear bearing pots, boxes; glasses; containing plants they have raised. All march down the center aisle, then up the side aisles, forming a tableau. As they march the following recitations are given.*]

FIRST GIRL. We are all learning these lessons about seed planting and window gardening and we try to have fine gardens in our rooms. On Fridays we often take the plants home to keep them until Monday. Mother is so pleased when it is my turn to take the plant home.

SECOND GIRL. Last spring some generous children in a country school sent us so many flowers that our school was like a real garden, and then we took the flowers home.

When I brought home the violets, father cried because he said the flowers brought back to him the memories of his country home in Austria. He looked at the violets and said, "Das ist ein stücklen von 'Gottes Himmel,'" which means, "That is like a bit of God's sky." That was a very happy evening, for father and mother told me all about their old home with its garden. Ah, here comes a barrel now. See, it is marked from the "National Plant, Fruit, and Flower Guild." Oh, girls, let us see what surprises we have in store for us this time! [*Barrel filled with all sorts of nature specimens is brought in.*]

[*Girls from different grades.*]

FIRST GIRL. The evergreens are on top! [*Takes them out.*] Here are pine and hemlock and they are as green as ever.

SECOND GIRL. "The murmuring pines and the hemlock." I remember that in "Evangeline."

THIRD GIRL. We have maple and oak, Mr. Burroughs says: "Both the pine and the hemlock make friends with the birch and the maple, and the oak, and one of the most pleasing and striking features of our autumnal scenery is a mountainside sown broadcast with these intermingled trees, forming a combination of color like the richest tapestry, the dark green giving body and permanence, the orange and yellow, light and brilliancy."

SECOND GIRL. Here are flowers I love so dearly, beautiful asters.

FIRST GIRL. We have corn stalks, too.

FIFTH GIRL.

So let the good old crops adorn
The hills our fathers trod,

Still let us for his golden corn
Send up our thanks to God.

SECOND GIRL. [*Taking out golden rod and holding it up.*]
The golden rod is yellow

FIRST GIRL.
The corn is turning brown

THIRD GIRL.
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

FIRST GIRL. Here are fringed gentians.
The gentians' bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun.

SIXTH GIRL. Here is a milkweed pod.

SECOND GIRL.
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

SIXTH GIRL. I wonder where it gets its name.

SEVENTH GIRL. Break the stem and you can easily tell.
Oh, just watch the milky fluid that oozes out.

SIXTH GIRL. What I am curious to know is, what can be
stored inside the pod.

ALL. Let's all take a peep!

FIRST GIRL. Just watch the soft downy things flutter
through the air. [*Blows the milkweed.*]

SIXTH GIRL. Now, I know what our teacher meant when
she talked of the wind distributing seeds.

FIRST GIRL. The wind does plenty of this work, but I
have been told that the animals carry seeds, too; the sheep,
for instance, in its wool.

SEVENTH GIRL. Birds and insects do their little mite also.

SIXTH GIRL. And even we carry seeds on our clothing without knowing it. There, you have some on you now! [*Picks off a burr, etc., from girl's dress.*]

SIXTH GIRL. We have rye and sedges.

EIGHTH GIRL.

The sedges flaunt their harvest in every meadow nook,

SECOND GIRL.

Asters by the brookside, make asters by the brook.

SIXTH GIRL. Oh, hurry, I am impatient to know what else there is.

ALL. Ah! Chestnut burrs!

SIXTH GIRL.

Here are sumach and sumach bobs!

These are rose hips which mean more roses for
next year.

FIRST GIRL. What 's this? What 's this?

ALL. Bittersweet! Bittersweet! My, what beautiful
bright red berries!

THIRD GIRL.

On hedge and tree the bittersweet
Has hung its fruit that looks a flower.

FIRST GIRL. Here is something without a label. You
know what it is.

ALL. Pears!

SECOND GIRL.

The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough.

FIRST GIRL. Here are grape vines with real grapes.
[Smells grapes and passes to others.] Here is a wild fern,
 root and all—

SECOND GIRL. And that will grow in our window-box
 all winter.

FIRST GIRL.

Let 's bring the pretty dainty fern,
 The darling little things,
 To nestle at the foot of her,
 That autumn's gladness brings.

*[Tableau.—Children with arms full of material taken
 from barrel. Children with pots and plants. Chil-
 dren as Burroughs Books.]*

MOLLIE. Oh, it was like fairyland! And all this in a
 city school!

EPILOGUE. And this is the lesson that Mollie learned:
 Even in the crowded city where the streets are dark and
 the sun seldom shines with its fullness, Nature seeds are
 scattered all along the way, through the friendliness of
 Nature lovers. We learn that these seeds do grow and
 prosper, and hope that they will at last blossom into the
 full flower of better, richer lives for us, the children of our
 great city.

[Stepping further forward, recites:]

The works of God are fair for naught
 Unless our eyes in seeing,
 See hidden in the "thing" the thought
 Which animates its being.

The shadow pictured in the lake
 By every tree that trembles,

Is cast for more than just the sake
Of that which it resembles.

The stars are lighted in the sky
Not merely for their shining;
But like the light of loving eyes,
Have meanings worth divining.

The clouds around the mountain peak,
The rivers in their winding,
Have secrets which to all who seek
Are precious in the finding.

Whoever at the coarsest sound
Still listens for the finest,
Shall hear the noisy world go round,
To music the divinest.

Whoever yearns to see aright
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light,
In every earthly splendor.

So since the universe began
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of nature, soul of man,
And soul of God are blended.

THE END

OUR CHOICE

A Message to the Girl Graduates. Written for *Our School*, the
School Paper of Public School 15, Manhattan, by MARGARET
KNOX, Principal of the School.

CHARACTERS

READER OF PROLOGUE

THE GIRL. Dressed in ordinary white dress.

THE FOUR SEASONS

Band of Autumn Fairies. White or brown dresses trimmed with autumn leaves and fruits.

Winter. Coat, trimmed with fur; fur cap.

Spring. Pale green flowing dress, trimmed with flowers.

Summer. White dress, trimmed with flowers.

MOTHER NATURE. Dress of rich, glowing colors, trimmed to represent all seasons.

Near THE GIRL stands a crossroads sign post, marked with the four seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter.

Beautiful and appropriate music played softly throughout.

OUR CHOICE

PROLOGUE

READER OF PROLOGUE.

YOUR CHOICE

If, in the green of the woods, one day,
You came to a place where the fairies play,
And a little sign-post on the ground,
With four little paths from all around,
And if you could choose to go either way,
But wherever you went you knew you must stay
For ever and ever and a day—
And if one road led to the land of snow,
Of the chimney-fires and where snowballs grow;
And the next led off to the Autumn hills
Of the morning frosts and the cider-mills;
And still through the woods, but far away,
The third lane led to the holiday
Where long midsummer hours you spend;
And if springtime lay at the fourth road's end,
Where arbutus hides and wake-robins blow,
Which would you choose and where would you go?
(R. F. Bunner. From *St. Nicholas*, 1904.)

OUR CHOICE

THE GIRL. In imagination I sat down for a while at the fairies' crossroads and I looked down each little path in turn. "Oh, yes," I said to myself, "that wintry road with

its fun and frolic of snowball time and with the warmth and welcome of a chimney-fire when the days are bleak and cold, attracts me greatly. I love the keen, cold, bracing wintry days." [WINTER passes in front of her, beckoning.] But at this moment a band of fairies dressed in scarlet and gold went frisking past my seat and sped down another path, laughing and shouting to one another as they went, and all inviting me, as they passed, to "Come! come! come!"

AUTUMN FAIRIES. [*Dancing around and beckoning.*]
Come! Come! Come!

THE GIRL. I heard the merry fairy language and understood it as if by magic that we always find in the woods on a bright October day. Such gorgeous colors in the trees, such clear, bracing air, and the sky so brilliant, bright and blue! "Surely this is my choice," I thought, "for there is nothing lovelier than the autumn hills." Just as I had made up my mind to rest and follow these dryads I heard a pretty voice saying quite close to me.

[SUMMER comes in.]

SUMMER. Don't choose yet until you have tried my path. Remember when you follow me you come to all the long vacation days,—no school, no books, no lessons to be studied, no worries about examinations,—just long, warm, lazy days, and so full of lovely things, too: roses, and rambles by the sea, and sweet meadow scents; and even if one cannot leave the city, these days have always the charm of being idle days.

[*Goes out beckoning.*]

THE GIRL. Again this little speaker tempted me to follow its fairy footsteps, but, I turned and looked longingly down springtime's path, for this season has always tried hard to lead me away from all work and worry, to entice

me out into the open just "to see the green things growing." And there, sure enough, stood the loveliest fairy of them all beckoning me.

SPRING. Oh, follow, follow me! [*Beckoning.*]

THE GIRL. Which shall I choose? Oh, what a hard task this is! Just then I heard a voice much sweeter and stronger and lovelier than any of the fairies and dryads who had spoken to me before. [*MOTHER NATURE comes in.*] Its owner had come quite close to me and in her presence she seemed to bear all the charms of all the paths down which I had looked so longingly. She was tall and stately with the dignity of those wintry days and the warmth of the welcome of the fireplace. She had clear brown eyes that reminded me somehow of the autumn pools when the sunlight shines on them through flickering golden leaves. Her voice was gentle and languid, reminding me of the warm summer days. And all about her was the sweetness of spring time.

MOTHER NATURE. What troubles you? Can I help you?

THE GIRL. Oh, yes; which of these paths shall I choose? I love them all, and cannot bear to give up any of their delights.

MOTHER NATURE. Must you choose one? Are you not living on this good old earth of ours where all these seasons come every year—why do you choose? Just sit quietly by and each in its turn will come to you. I am Mother Nature, and this, you know, is my duty. I shall bring to you every season in due time. You need not follow any path to find happiness. Just wait and be ready to receive it: it will surely come to you.

[As MOTHER NATURE speaks, the others come in again, and form a tableau around the girl.]

THE GIRL. My reverie was over. I had received my instructions and from such a charming teacher. I found that there was no choice to be made. All these things are my own, now, if I choose to take them. Take the days as they come, find something good in every day. Be ready to make every day a happy one for some one else, and in this way find your own happiness. When you have met that loveliest of all the spirits of the four paths, as I did in that reverie, you will find that you will be glad to stay with her "Forever and a day."

[At the end all join in the words, "Forever and a day."]

THE END

EVERY BOY

A Morality Play Suggested by the Play "Every Girl" in *St. Nicholas*,
October, 1913. By ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS.

CHARACTERS

EVERY BOY

OPPORTUNITY

COMMON SENSE

GOOD BREEDING

CHIVALRY

HEALTH

FUN

KNOWLEDGE

POLITICS

WORK

PATRIOTISM

Boys in Dumb Bell Drill

EVERY BOY

FIRST SCENE

[*A number of boys in dumb-bell drill. HEALTH is leader. EVERY BOY enters and watches drill. From other side of stage enter COMMON SENSE and GOOD BREEDING. These two always stay together. They are followed by OPPORTUNITY.*]

EVERY BOY. It would be fine to spend one's whole time in delightful exercise like that. No lessons to study; no decisions about future work to make; nothing to worry one—and yet, would it satisfy me?

OPPORTUNITY. [*Steps forward as boys in drill pass out.*] Ha, Every Boy, I shall bring before you the powers and graces of daily life. You may choose your comrades—and, hearken ye, choose well. Many a boy, standing as you do, at the doorway of the greater life, has spoiled his career by choosing too sparingly or in too limited a sphere. Come, watch, and let your judgment rule.

EVERY BOY. But who are these two fine looking lads who stand close together and watch us?

OPPORTUNITY. They are Common Sense and Good Breeding. They will stay until your choice is made. After that, their staying or departure depends upon you.

EVERY BOY. I am ready. Let me see what life offers. I shall not choose my life companions until I see all.

OPPORTUNITY. [*Calling.*] Chivalry. [*CHIVALRY, dressed in seventeenth-century costume, comes in, bowing graciously.*]

EVERY BOY. He comes from former centuries. Life of to-day is all progress, each man for himself. Chivalry is out of date.

CHIVALRY. Ah, no, my boy, chivalry is never out of date. I stand for kindness to the weak; respect to older, wiser people; the politeness that makes the true gentleman. [*Steps to back of stage. As each of the following characters finishes, he steps to back. EVERY BOY looks puzzled.*]

OPPORTUNITY. Health.

EVERY BOY. [*Face brightens.*] Oh, this is the leader of the drill. I like his form, his posture, the brightness of his eyes. I feel sure that I shall choose him.

HEALTH. I am Health. I am needed by every boy. I shun close, crowded rooms, late hours, rich food, cigarettes, and all bad companions. I seek the fresh air, the joyous games and sports. Choose me, Every Boy, and keep me always by your side.

OPPORTUNITY. Fun.

FUN. [*Comes in laughing; throwing and catching a ball. Slaps EVERY BOY on back.*] Choose me, Every Boy. I shall take that wrinkle out of your forehead. I shall give you better digestion. There is nothing like good, honest fun to make life's burdens pleasanter and easier to carry.

OPPORTUNITY. Knowledge. [*EVERY BOY makes a wry face.*]

KNOWLEDGE. [*Dressed in cap and gown. Carries a book.*] I offer you the thoughts of master minds. Where-

ever I am, I improve the things around me. I open to you the paths of joy and delight, give you new interests and new thoughts. Oh, Every Boy, do not spurn me. You need me all through your life.

OPPORTUNITY. Politics.

POLITICS. [*Comes in swaggering, dressed in English walking coat; silk hat.*] I rule the world. If you choose me, you always will succeed.

EVERY BOY. I have heard that dishonesty and disgrace often come in your train.

POLITICS. Ha, ha, ha! [*Swaggers over next to KNOWLEDGE. As he takes his place, he slowly straightens and stands in a very dignified manner, with an exalted look on his face.*]

EVERY BOY. [*Wonderingly.*] What caused this change?

OPPORTUNITY. Oh, Every Boy, Politics joined to Knowledge and Common Sense, and our other friends, would become one of the greatest professions. It would mean better laws, better people, better cities! It would mean an unselfish working for the good of all. But it needs something more. [*Calls.*] Work.

WORK. No one can do without me. I am necessary to both rich and poor.

OPPORTUNITY. Patriotism!

PATRIOTISM. Through me politics and work are glorified. Do you see my emblem? [*Points to flag.*] It is not just a piece of bunting of the national colors; it is not a thing to be treated lightly; it represents this great free country of ours, the country where work is dignified. So, Every Boy, choose me, and never pass this

emblem of mine without a silent acknowledgment of its presence and a feeling of thankfulness that it waves over the "Land of the Free."

OPPORTUNITY. They stand before you, Every Boy; choose now your life companions. [*As EVERY BOY turns, the different characters, except COMMON SENSE and GOOD BREEDING, form a circle.*]

EVERY BOY. Why is this? Some have turned their backs to us and all have joined hands.

OPPORTUNITY. They are showing you the full and perfect manhood; the manhood that will bring into this world another generation of honest, healthy men and women. You need them all, Every Boy,—Common Sense, Good Breeding, Chivalry, Health, Fun, Knowledge, Politics, Work, Patriotism. I am ready for your choice.

EVERY BOY. I choose them all for life companions. [*Turns to audience. COMMON SENSE and GOOD BREEDING join the others and they surround EVERY BOY.*] I shall try, as my name portrays, to keep them always in company with every boy.

THE END

THANKSGIVING DAY—1696

By MARTHA B. BAYLES and ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS.

All the children should understand the historical setting of the play.

Prepared as a history lesson to celebrate Thanksgiving Day. Opportunity is given to have the whole school join in the songs and many children to take part in the dance.

CHARACTERS

A PURITAN MOTHER

HER DAUGHTERS:

RUTH	}	All dressed in Puritan costume.
SARAH		
BETSEY		
JANE		
PRISCILLA		

FAITH, a little Quaker girl, dressed in Quaker costume

GRETCHEN, a little Dutch girl, dressed in Dutch costume

CHILDREN IN WITCH DANCE. Dressed in black capes, high peaked
black hats, red skirts; carrying toy brooms.

CLASSES OF CHILDREN

Place: Salem, Massachusetts.

The scene opens in a New England kitchen in the year 1696. The Thanksgiving about to be celebrated is the first for four years, as New England has been suffering on account of the superstitious belief in witches.

THANKSGIVING DAY—1696

FIRST SCENE

PRISCILLA. Where 's Mother?

RUTH. The Indian, Samoset, called her outside. Oh, Priscilla, won't you be glad when the stage comes? Think of the long, long journey Gretchen and Faith have had.

SARAH. Oh, so glad! Do you know it seems strange to me to think that their mothers and ours were friends long ago, and that now Faith is coming all the way from Philadelphia, and Gretchen from New York, to spend this Thanksgiving Day with us.

MOTHER. [*Coming in.*] Yea, a blessed Thanksgiving Day, and the first one for four long years! Yes, horrible years. [*Sits down a minute in thought. Suddenly jumps up.*] But, children, I fear our tongues are running away with us and the dinner will be lacking when our little friends arrive.

BETSEY. What did Samoset bring, Mother?

MOTHER. A large wild turkey which he shot yesterday, and his blessings from all the tribe for a long thanksgiving.

[*A loud whistle is heard.*]

JANE. Listen,—the stage whistle,—oh, here they are! [*All rush and greet the two girls.*]

GRETCHEN. My father and mother send their greetings

and blessings. They have been sore troubled about you and yours.

MOTHER. We have had sad times here, but, thank God, to-day we have a real Thanksgiving.

FAITH. Old Ebenezer Williams was in the stage with us. He told us many strange and haunting things about the trouble here with the witches.

MOTHER. Ebenezer Williams [*thoughtfully*], yes, his nephew, Captain Alden, a good trusty man, was put to death for witchcraft, so, of course, he knew all about it. But, little Faith, how did you leave your good parents?

FAITH. They sent their blessings to thee and thine.

MOTHER. Oh, how I should like to see your dear mother. But you must rest; it has been a long, long trip for you little folks.

GRETCHEN. We did not mind the length. Ebenezer pointed out to us the good crops as we came along. It made us glad to see them. The people everywhere were preparing for Thanksgiving.

PRISCILLA. Did the people you passed seem happy?

GRETCHEN. Oh, yes; at one place a crowd of boys and girls were gathering the pumpkins. They were singing, as they worked, a song of praise and thanks to God.

SCHOOL. [*Sing softly, "Thanksgiving to God for His House," by Robert Herrick, 1591-1674. Set to the music of Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana.*]

Lord, thou hast given me a cell

Wherein to dwell;

And little house, whose humble roof

Is weatherproof; is weatherproof;

Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where Thou my chamber for to ward
Hast set a guard; hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep,
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state; both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat, good words or meat,
Like as my parlor, so my hall
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin, a little bin
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unclipt, unflead.
Some little sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire, make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.

[During the singing the mother and girls have made the visitors comfortable.]

MOTHER. They have much to be thankful for now that this dreadful persecution has stopped.

GRETCHEN. My father said that the people thought that they were doing right, that it says in the Old Testament, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

FAITH. *[Turning to GRETCHEN.]* Did thee notice when Ebenezer Williams told us that the Thanksgiving Day really comes down to us from the Jewish feast of the Tabernacles?

GRETCHEN. [*Turning to MOTHER.*] Oh, yes, and how the Puritans took the idea, after living ten years in Holland, from the way the Dutch celebrate October third, at Leyden, their deliverance from the Spaniards.

FAITH. But other things he told us about these last years made us feel very sad.

MOTHER. Oh, they have been terrible years! Little children, women and men, young and old, put to death as witches. No one knew what minute one would hear strange mutterings from the goblins.

CLASS. [*Very softly.*]

Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping;
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces!

—Christina Rossetti.

FAITH. Too bad that Governor Phips did not have the good sense of our good William Penn.

JANE. What did he do?

FAITH. A woman was brought before him, accused of witchcraft. She was reported to have taken a ride in the air on a broomstick. She said it was true. He looked at her carefully, and then said, "Thee may take a ride on a broomstick whenever thee wishes; there is no law against it."

GRETCHEN. Ebenezer Williams told us how one woman threw a shoe at another and was put to death for it.

MOTHER. Come, we have talked enough about the witch-

craft. We must go up and see the grandmother; and not make this blessed day a day of sadness. [*All go out.*]

CLASS. [*Chanting.*]

Know ye the witch's dell?

Within a gloomy dimble she doth dwell

Down in a pit o'er grown with brakes and briars,

Close by the ruins of a shaken abbey,

Torn with an earthquake down unto the ground,

'Mongst graves and grots, near an old charnel-house,

Where you shall find her sitting in her form.

—Ben Jonson, 1573–1637.

[*Witches' Dance. Music—MacDowell's "Witch Dance."*]

One old witch watches a cauldron in the rear of the assembly room or stage. This is arranged by hanging an old iron pot on a tripod made by binding three poles together, like the framework of a tent. The children dance to the music of "The Witch Dance." They should be trained to give a witch-like scream as the dance grows wild and the music lends itself to the weirdness. All the witches should keep their faces covered as much as possible, and run out to music as if on the wind.]

SECOND SCENE

[*All come in, ready to go to "meeting."*]

MOTHER. That foolish man, John Thayer, has just been fined ten shillings for working to-day. Well, are you all ready?

PRISCILLA. I have the two foot-stoves here for Gretchen and Faith.

GRETCHEN. And is not the meeting house heated with a stove as ours is?

MOTHER. I should think not! A few thoughtless people wanted a stove put up, but think how it would warp our shell hair-combs!

JANE. And it would give the meeting-house attendants a headache.

MOTHER. This year our welcome Thanksgiving Day was ordered by the meeting-house instead of by the court. Read the proclamation, Priscilla.

PRISCILLA. [*Takes up paper and reads.*] “The Lord hath been pleased to turn all the wigwams, huts, and hovels the English dwelt in at their first coming, into orderly, fair, and well-built houses, well furnished many of them, with orchards filled with goodly fruit trees and garden flowers, and whereby it has pleased Him to remove this dreadful curse from us, let every one meet in His house and praise Him on this day.”

MOTHER. And now let us get our faces sober and becoming, and make ready to go and praise God for His great blessings. [*All go out, walking very soberly.*]

[SCHOOL. “Pilgrim’s Chorus,” *Wagner, Laurel Song Book, published by Birchard and Co., Boston, or 100th Psalm, or any other song of praise and thanksgiving that the school has learned.*]

THE CROWNING OF THE DRYADS

A May-Day Dream, Written to Celebrate Arbor Day, by MARTHA B.
BAYLES.

CHARACTERS

Dressed to Represent Characters Portrayed.

TITANIA. Dressed as a woodland fairy, in filmy white dress, trimmed with flowers.

PAN. Like a rough boy in earth colored muslin, fringed about ankles and shoulders to represent fetlocks and mane of goat. Cap with small horns.

OAK	}	Trees dressed in long gray muslin dresses, trimmed with the leaves of each tree specified. The birch dressed in white.
MAPLE		
BIRCH		
WILLOW		
ELM		

SUN. Dressed in a skirt and cap of bright yellow crêpe paper.

HERALD. Cape, thrown back over shoulder; plumed hat; announces his coming by blowing bugle.

WINDS. Gray cheesecloth dresses with long, flowing sleeves.

BROOK. A skirt and cape, made of silver paper cut in wavy lines almost to the edge.

CROW. Skirt and cape of black crêpe paper.

ARIEL. Gauze slip with wings.

VIOLET	}	Flowers in dresses of crêpe paper, the color of the flower; each wearing a crêpe hat which suggests the flower, and carrying a basket of flowers.
BUTTERCUP		
DAISY		
DANDELION		

FERNS (two)	}	Ferns and Grasses in green dresses, trimmed with brown.
GRASSES (two)		

BUTTERFLIES (eight) Crêpe paper dresses with wings made of oak tag, covered with crêpe paper and decorated with crayons to represent colors of butterfly.

TEN CHILDREN

Scene: In the heart of an ancient wood.

Time: Some time ago.

THE CROWNING OF THE DRYADS

PROLOGUE

HERALD. Some time ago, one Arbor Day, Titania, the queen of the fairies, with Pan, the flowers and the grasses, the birds and the butterflies, as well as the sun and the winds, met in the heart of an ancient wood to crown the Dryads. The Dryads, as you know, are the nymphs that live in the trees. In the midst of their revels a merry May party burst in upon them and begged permission to join them in praising the trees.

FIRST SCENE

[The floor is covered with a gray-green denim; a couch covered with green for bank. Maypole at one side.]

[As school sings song, "I Know a Bank," Titania and her two attendants, BUTTERCUP and DAISY, enter.]

TITANIA. That southwest wind fairly took my breath away.

BUTTERCUP. Lie down on this mossy bank, good Queen, and we shall sing you to sleep.

DAISY. Remember, you have much to do to-morrow.

TITANIA. Indeed, I have. Although a very pleasant task, it will not be easy to crown all the Dryads in this ancient wood. Waken me in time, faithful fairies. *[She sleeps.]*

ATTENDANTS. Indeed, we shall.

BUTTERCUP. [*Sings to music, Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream."*]

"You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen."

CHORUS. [*Chanted softly by class in rear of assembly room.*]

"Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby."

DAISY.

"Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offense!"

SECOND SCENE

HERALD. Pan, the god of all out-doors, is found lying under the trees. Presently all the wood-folk join him.

PAN.

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall we see no enemy
But winter and rough weather."

"Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather."

[*Enter TITANIA and FAIRIES.*]

TITANIA. We come, O Pan, to join you in the celebration of this great day. We, too, know the delight of resting on a mossy couch in this great shadowy forest.

Come, come, come!
All ye flowers of the wood,
Ferns and grasses of the May
Make your wreaths so bright and gay
For the Dryads this great day,
While we sing, while we sing!

[*Enter FLOWERS, GRASSES, FERNS. FLOWERS make wreaths.*]

SCHOOL. [*First stanza of "Farewell to the Forest."*—*Rix' Assembly Song Book, p. 111.*]

[*Enter CROW.*]

CROW. Caw! caw! caw! I, as "judge and jury of the wood," have been appointed to represent the birds to-day. We love the Dryads and to you bring our meed of praise. Without you many of us would be homeless, for we build our nests in your branches. Really, one cannot help singing when swaying on the topmost twig of a grand old tree.

TITANIA. We must have trees! We must have trees! If only to keep you glad creatures of the sun and laughing sky.

SCHOOL. ["A Spring Song," to *Rubinstein's Melody in F.—Rix's Assembly Song Book*, page 144.]

SUN. [*Approaching the trees.*] I have come to crown you with light for you save the bright rays I send you every day.

CROW. Is that true?

SUN. Yes. I can prove it. Take a few sticks of wood and make a fire and my long imprisoned sunbeams will burst forth with all the light and heat which they had originally.

TITANIA. Well, well! We fairies are swifter than the wind, but we have never been able to catch a sunbeam.

PAN. That is not strange, when it can encircle the whole earth eight times in one second. Still, an oak has no trouble in capturing and keeping it for a thousand years and more.

ALL. Wonderful!

SCHOOL. ["Ariel's Song," *Harmonic III Music Reader*, page 71.]

[*Enter ARIEL during singing.*]

[*Butterfly Dance. At the end of the song the butterflies come in, and with ARIEL, dance in and out among the flowers, in dancing steps fitting to music of Grieg's "Butterfly."*]

WINDS. [*Rushing in from different directions.*] We like nothing better than to play in your branches, to make the maple leaves dance with glee, to hear the tall pines sob

and sigh, and to wrestle with the giant oak until he groans with pain. We may sometimes seem rough and boisterous, but we hold you in high esteem and seldom dare to destroy the homes of men when you are present. To show you our great appreciation of your value to the earth, we promise to carry to your leaves the food you like best.

SCHOOL. [*Song—"The Brook"—Tennyson.*]
[*Enter BROOK while song is sung.*]

BROOK. O trees, how I love the flickering shadows you cast on my waters! When the days are long and hot, without your benignant shade I should disappear and nothing but my pebbly bed would be left. I cannot place a crown upon your heads, but I shall lave your roots with my cooling stream and so nourish your trunk and branches that all summer long your leaves will keep green and fresh. At your feet I shall cause rich mosses to grow, and ferns and flowers will flourish all about you. It is because of your benign influence that "I go on forever."

[*Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" to be played throughout*
TITANIA'S speech. FLOWERS, *having finished their wreaths, crown the trees.*]

TITANIA.

Come one, come all,
Violets and buttercups,
Dandelions and daisies fair,
Hairy ferns with fronds curled up,
Grasses long with spears that tear,
In this leafy forest hall
Come and form a mystic ring,
Just before the oak, the king.
To him and all his kin we 'll sing,
As we sway and as we swing;

In this leafy forest hall;
Tra la la la la la lal!
Tra la la la la la lal!

Butterfly with gauzy wing,
Sun that crowns the Dryads bright,
Winds that bless them in the night,
Brooklet, too, in thy swift flight,
Join with us in praise and song
To this great and mighty throng
In this leafy forest hall.
To the trees our songs we bring
As we sway and as we swing
In this leafy forest hall,
In the spring, in the spring.
Tra la la la la la lal!
Tra la la la la la lal!

[*All dance and sing "Tra la," etc.*]

THIRD SCENE

HERALD. A party of boys and girls discover the fairies and ask permission to join them in honoring the Dryads.

SCHOOL. [*Second stanza of "Farewell to the Forest." Children run in.*]

FIRST GIRL. Fair Titania, may we join Your Majesty in these rustic revels, this joyous Arbor Day? We, the children of men, like you, have come to this lovely wood to sing praises to the trees, and to join our songs with yours. Pray, good queen, grant our request!

TITANIA. We do you human folk all the good we can, but we seldom allow privileges of this kind. But as you

grumbled not when we danced around your Maypole, and if you, too, love our friends, the Dryads, we shall admit you to our charmed circle. But each and every one of you must solemnly promise two things: first, never to harm a single tree in this ancient wood; and second, never to let a year pass by without planting a tree.

CHILDREN. We promise! We promise! Hail, hail to the trees! We shall protect them and we shall plant them for their beauty and their use.

TITANIA. We are so glad you came, for now we know that you mortals do love the trees as much as we, the fays of the forest.

FIRST GIRL. Whate'er we've failed to express in word and song, we now shall tell in motion.

CHILDREN. A dance! a dance! a Maypole dance! Titania, come and be our queen. And you, Pan, the god of nature, must be our king, in our dance to the trees, the trees.

[All dance Maypole Dance.]

FINIS

THE BIRDS' STORY OF THE TREES

An Exercise for Arbor Day, by ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS.

THE BIRDS' STORY OF THE TREES

FIRST SPEAKER. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Did you hear us early this morning and think we were playing? Listen,—I shall tell you a secret, never told before, and then when you hear us, “Chirp, chirp, chirp,” you will try to unravel the rest of our story. As in the old days when the bards roamed the country, singing and reciting the songs and stories of Homer and the Beowulf until gradually were formed great national epics, so we birds, for generation after generation, have sung the stories of our homes, the trees, until now we have nearly completed a great bird anthem. We gather, as our ancestors did before us, at sunrise, in the great branches of our homes, and, sometimes each little bird chirps out his story, and at other times, we listen with the gravest attention, to the old mother robin as she tells our story from the beginning. “Centuries ago,” she begins, “no one praised our homes for their beauty, but simply as good lumber. Why, it is recorded by one of our American ancestors, that the great Henry Hudson saw only in our homes a means of profit. Yet, from their branches, I am sure, my race chirped and sang and chirped as they do now. As the years flew on, things began to change, and we were disturbed by men measuring the bark of our tree-homes, even taking the exact size of the leaves, and we heard them talk about the veins. Later came one who filled us with surprise—he gazed at our homes and walked back and forth murmuring things about us. One day he came

and we were mourning the blackbirds' home and he burst out with:

SECOND SPEAKER.

The poplars are felled; farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade,
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the
heat,
And the scene where his melody charm'd me
before
Resounds with his sweet, flowery ditty no more.

FIRST SPEAKER. And when he finished, we heard the leaves whisper lovingly, "Cowper." Then came two, arm in arm, day after day, and as the one whispered,—

THIRD SPEAKER.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

FIRST SPEAKER. The other answered:

FOURTH SPEAKER.

Ye Woods! that listen to the night-bird singing,
Midway 'the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches,
swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind.

FIRST SPEAKER. And the wind echoed from the busy world—"Wordsworth and Coleridge." From that time on we heard songs and plaints, some loud, with words clear, many low, vanishing echoes. Now followed a burst of praise to our homes on the American shores.

FIFTH SPEAKER.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man
learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

FIRST SPEAKER. It was Bryant's prayer. After this the praise came so fast that we could not remember all until one came—one who seemed a part of our life of the woods. He almost lived among us, he talked to us, and constantly murmured, "Leaves of Grass."

SIXTH SPEAKER.

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume, you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good be-
longs to you.
I loaf and invite my soul,
I lean and loaf at my ease observing a spear of
summer grass.

FIRST SPEAKER. For a long time he did not come, and then one day one of our little brown swallows came flying home and told how she had flown to the window sill of a big gray building and had seen our friend passing from

cot to cot, and had heard the sick soldiers whisper lovingly, "Walt Whitman." Our story is almost ended, for now, on this glorious May Arbor Day, all the dear boys and girls of this great country of ours pledge themselves to love and protect our homes, the trees. Chirp, chirp, chirp!

THE END

REFORMING A BAD BOY

Play Written for the Civic League of Public School 15, Manhattan,
by CHARLOTTE WASSUNG, Director.

CHARACTERS

DAVID, the Bad Boy

COMMISSIONER OF STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT

CIVIC LEAGUE MEMBERS

MEN who bear David a grudge

Time: Present.

Place: New York City.

REFORMING A BAD BOY

FIRST SCENE

[*Street.*]

DAVID. These Civic League boys love to follow me around, and pick up papers and banana skins! Well, here 's some fun for you! [*Throws handful of papers on ground. Civic League boys rush after him shouting.*]

FIRST LEAGUE MEMBER. [*Shaking fist after DAVID.*] We 'll get you some day! Just wait. [*Turning to others.*] I think it 's absolutely disgusting! With that David around, we 'll never be able to keep the neighborhood clean!

SECOND MEMBER. Yes, and there are others, too.

THIRD MEMBER. But the others are merely careless. If you tell them how wrong it is to litter the streets, they will really try to be more careful.

FOURTH MEMBER. That 's true! But think how many are always careless. They don't seem to care how the neighborhood looks!

FIFTH MEMBER. But David is the worst! He just laughs at us when we ask him to stop throwing things around.

SIXTH MEMBER. I wonder if he knows how much harm he has done.

SEVENTH MEMBER. If he does, he doesn't care. Why, he doesn't seem to care about anything that's good and clean. He doesn't keep himself clean.

FIRST MEMBER. I never saw him with clean face and hands—

SECOND MEMBER. Or shoes polished—

THIRD MEMBER. Or hair neatly combed—

FOURTH MEMBER. Did you ever see him wear a tie?

ALL. Never!

FIRST MEMBER. Well, it's clear, that we must do something. Last week, an old man slipped on a banana skin David had thrown into the street. Now the poor old man is walking around on crutches.

FIFTH MEMBER. Yes, and David's mother is bothered to death with the complaints people bring against him. She does her best to make a decent boy of him. But we all know it's no use.

SIXTH MEMBER. Can't we do something? We're so many against one. Let's get him—

EIGHTH MEMBER. Alive or dead!

FIRST MEMBER. By hook or crook!

SECOND MEMBER. We shall take him to the Commissioner!

THIRD MEMBER. That's the idea! To the Commissioner!

ALL. [*Running off.*] To the Commissioner! To the Commissioner!

SECOND SCENE

[*In the office of the STREET CLEANING COMMISSIONER. COMMISSIONER sits at his desk, writing. Enter OFFICER. Salutes.*]

OFFICER. Your Honor! There's a queer set of boys outside. They say they have something very important to report, and that they must see you.

COMMISSIONER. Send them right in. I always have a few minutes for the boys. [*Enter several boys, leading and pushing DAVID into the office. DAVID is dirty; no tie; torn clothes, etc.*]

COMMISSIONER. Well, well, well! And what is this?—the Mexican War come to town?

SECOND MEMBER. Dear Mr. Commissioner! We are delegates from the Young People's Civic League of Public School Number 15, Manhattan. We are doing our best to make our school, neighborhood, and fellow-students the cleanest in the city. This boy, David, is the worst boy in our district. You see how he looks. And he is forever throwing papers and fruit skins into the streets. When we ask him to mend his ways, he just laughs at us. Can't you do something with him?

COMMISSIONER. So that's the case! Come here, my lad. Let me look at you. [*DAVID comes forward slowly.*] So you're the "Bad Boy" of your district. Well, you look like it! Look at your companions. Aren't you ashamed of the way you look? Don't you ever wash your hands and face?

DAVID. Naw! What's the use?

COMMISSIONER. What 's the use? What do you mean?

DAVID. What 's the use of washing them. Won't they get dirty again?

COMMISSIONER. I think you need a little time to yourself, young man, to think things over. [*To delegates.*] Thank you, boys, for reporting this to me. I 'll see whether we can't make a man of our young friend here.

DELEGATES. Good-by, Mr. Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER. Good-by, children. [*They go out.*]

COMMISSIONER. [*To DAVID.*] I think I shall keep you locked up for a night here in the office. Maybe you 'll have a little more sense to-morrow. [COMMISSIONER goes out. DAVID sits down. After a while he falls asleep.]

THIRD SCENE

DAVID'S DREAM

[*Enter his father, one man with a crutch, and several others. As they creep in, they murmur.*]

ALL.

We 'll wake him, we 'll shake him,

We 'll make him jump and hop.

If he will promise to be good,

Why then, perhaps we 'll stop.

[*Then they surround him, singing and pointing at him, and occasionally pushing and pinching him.*]

ALL. [*Sing to tune of "Funiculi, Funicula," Rix's Assembly Song Book, page 153.*]

He thinks the world is made for dirt and garbage.

We wonder why, we wonder why.

He thinks in being clean there 's no advantage.
 Oh my, oh my! Oh my, oh my!
 But we, we 'll make this youngster see his error—
 The time is nigh! The time is nigh!
 When he will quake in fear and quake in terror.
 And that 's no lie! And that 's no lie!
 Listen, listen, to what we have to say!
 Listen, listen, you 'll have to mend your way.
 Down on your knees,
 Down on your knees,
 Down on your knees,
 Down on your knees,
 List, my boy, now mend your way,
 This day, this very day.

DAVID. [*Waking up; looks frightened.*] Oh, please, please don't hurt me! I didn't do anything.

OLD MAN. Didn't do anything? Didn't you throw banana skins on the street, so that I fell and broke my leg?

FIRST MAN. Didn't you chalk up my sidewalk and the sides of my house?

SECOND MAN. Didn't you make a bonfire on Election Day? And the sparks, flying into my window, almost set the house on fire?

THIRD MAN. Didn't you put a box on the fire-escape and obstruct the passage?

FATHER. Aren't you always a disgrace to your mother and to me?

ALL. Let 's give him a good beating!

[*All dancing and crouching around him, pulling, pushing and hitting him, they chant as before.*]

ALL. We 'll wake him, we 'll shake him,
We 'll make him jump and hop.
If he will promise to be good,
Why then, perhaps, we 'll stop.

[*They repeat more faintly, as they slowly slink away. Meanwhile DAVID falls asleep, exhausted. Enter COMMISSIONER. Goes up to DAVID, and wakes him.*]

COMMISSIONER. Well, my boy, you must have had a restless night. Come, get up. How did you sleep?

DAVID. [*Rubbing his eyes.*] Oh, are they gone? Don't let them come back, please Mr. Commissioner, and I shall be good.

COMMISSIONER. There was no one here. You must have been dreaming. However, it 's good to hear you promise to be good. Do you mean it?

DAVID. Indeed, I do. I shall never throw things around any more. And maybe, if I keep myself nice and clean, the Civic League will allow me to join them.

COMMISSIONER. I 'm sure they will, if you are in earnest. Listen! The Civic League is parading. Come with me to the reviewing stand. We can watch it from there. [*Takes his place on the stand.*]

FOURTH SCENE

PARADE AND DRILLS.

[*All the League members in the parade. They carry brooms over their shoulders. When they come in front of the place where the COMMISSIONER is seated, they halt and salute. Then they recite the following:*]

CHARGE OF THE CIVIC LEAGUE

Civic League, Civic League,
Civic League, onward!
Into the dirty street
Dashed the half-hundred.
"Forward the Civic League!
Charge for the dirt," he said.
Into the dirty street
Dashed the half-hundred.

"Forward the Civic League!"
Was there a boy dismayed?
Not though each leaguer knew
What was before him.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why.
Theirs but to make the dirt fly.
Into the dirty street
Dashed the half-hundred.

Papers to right of them,
Papers to left of them,
Papers in front of them,
Flittered and fluttered.
Picked them up where they fell;
Quickly they worked and well,
Out in the city street.
None could excel or beat
This earnest half-hundred.

When will the streets be clean,
And no more dirt be seen?
So the world wonders.

Just give us boys a chance!
 We 'll lead the dirt a dance!
 Our little half-hundred.

[*Drill and Parade.*

1. 2 chords—brooms down.

Charge and sweep—16 counts.

*(Half of company to right,
 half of company to left.)*

Chord—face to sides, half right, half left.

Charge and sweep—16 counts.

Chord—face to back.

Charge and sweep—16 counts.

Chord—face inward.

Charge and sweep—16 counts.

Chord—front face.

2 chords—brooms to position at “Carry.”

2. *Forming pin-wheel.*

3. *March off. (Some carry placards, inscribed:—“We are for clean streets”; “Clean City”; “Civic League of Public School 15”; “We show the way to Spotless Town.”)]*

FINIS

WELL BABIES

Written for the Little Mothers' League of Public School 15, by
ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS.

The Little Mothers' League is composed of girls twelve years old and older, formed in clubs in the different schools of New York. They pledge themselves to do everything in their power to help to save the little babies during the hot weather. At regular intervals the school doctor and school nurse give them talks on "The Care of Babies in Summer." This play was written for their annual entertainment.

CHARACTERS

BERTHA, President of the League

FRANCES, Secretary of the League

NURSE

GRANDMOTHER

SISTERS OF BERTHA

GIRLS OF THE LEAGUE

YETTA, foreigner

Scene is laid at home of Bertha, the president of League.

WELL BABIES

[BERTHA and her younger sisters sitting in room sewing, reading, etc. In one corner sits the GRANDMOTHER, knitting. YETTA, carrying baby (doll), comes in.]

BERTHA. [*Jumping up.*] Oh, I am so glad, YETTA, you have come to live in this great, free country of ours. And this dear little baby sister of yours will be such a delight. We shall teach you and your mother just what to do to make her thrive in our climate. [*Sisters show delight.*]

YETTA. [*Placing baby in crib.*] I, too, am glad to be here. It seems so strange to me to hear little girls talking about caring for babies.

GUSSIE. We are growing into big girls. Why, all the girls in our little Mothers' League, that is the society to which we belong, are over twelve years old.

GRANDMOTHER. When I was young the children at twelve played with dolls.

REINA. Oh, but, Grandmother, things have changed, and it is through the ignorance of those same little girls, now grown to be women, that so many of our babies die each summer.

GRANDMOTHER. [*Shaking her head.*] You children are old before your time—but you are healthy.

BERTHA. It is so interesting when we look back over the

history of the world and see how the care of children has developed.

GUSSIE. Do you remember in old Spartan days a delicate baby was killed?

REINA. Yes, and nowadays by intelligent care it grows up to be a good and healthy citizen.

YETTA. Not much attention was paid to children and their ills and cares for many hundred years.

FLORENCE. I think the poet Elizabeth Browning was one of the first to call the world's attention to the little children working in the mines and factories. Do you remember her lines, Reina?

REINA.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?

They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers,

And that cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;

The young birds are chirping in the nest;

The young fawns are playing with the shadows;

The young flowers are blowing toward the west.

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

BERTHA. It is almost four and here come the girls of our League. You met them yesterday for a minute. I see the nurse is with them. [NURSE comes in.]

REBECCA. Oh, what a dear little baby! Why, Bertha! and you the president of our League! She is lying on a

feather pillow! [*Removes pillow.*] Don't you remember how often our school doctor has told us that a baby must not lie on feather pillows but on a firm bed?

GRANDMOTHER. [*Muttering.*] When I was young all the babies slept on feather beds.

BERTHA. Yetta, put her down and I never noticed.

FRANCES. But that is carelessness, and carelessness and ignorance are what cause the great mortality among young babies.

BERTHA. [*Turning to NURSE.*] Do you wish the girls to tell what League work they have done during the week?

NURSE. Yes, Little Mothers, but first I should like to hear what you have done this summer.

BERTHA. Oh, Tillie was present at every meeting during the summer. Will you tell us about it, Tillie?

TILLIE. [*Reads an original account of meetings during summer.*]

ROSE. I saw a little, white-faced baby crawling over the dirty pavement, and putting things in its mouth. The mother could not speak English, so I talked to her in her own language and told her if she wanted her baby to be well, never to allow it to crawl on a dirty floor—to spread a clean sheet down first—and never, never allow it to put things in its mouth or to eat bananas or any solid food until after it was a year old.

NURSE. I hope you told her that it is much easier to keep a well baby well than to cure a sick one.

ROSE. Yes.

JENNIE. I have been telling my baby brother beautiful

stories and poems before his bedtime. Then he has the airiest room, as all babies ought to have, and I am very careful to have the windows well opened—I place a screen in front of the baby's bed to keep away any draft, and he sleeps very much better than he used to.

LENA. I read a dear little poem by William Blake—

I have no name;
I am but two days old.
What shall I call thee?
I happy am;
Joy is my name.
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy:
Sweet joy but two days old!
Sweet joy I call thee;
Thou dost smile;
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee.

HANNAH. I always sing for a little while each day, to my baby sister. She likes this one best. [*Sings.*]

Baby is going to Bye-lo-land
Bye-lo-land—Bye-lo-land,
Going to see the sights so grand—
To see the sights so grand.

Out of the sky the wee stars peep.
They 're going to put baby fast asleep.
Swing-lo-Bye-lo,
Baby 's asleep in Bye-lo-land.

GRANDMOTHER. I remember when I was a little child they used to tell me that the "bogie" man would get me.

ALL. Oh! that was so wrong!

GRANDMOTHER. I remember how I shivered for an hour after hearing at night—

Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping,
Came toward her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,
Cat-like and rat-like,
Ratel and wombat-like,
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,
Helter-skelter, hurry-scurry,
Chattering like magpies,
Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes,—
Hugged her and kissed her;
Squeezed and caressed her.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

NURSE. Babies nowadays are not told things at bedtime that will excite them.

MILLIE. My cousin's little baby was sick and I told her to stop its milk at once and give it boiled water and to send quickly for the doctor.

BELLE. I tell my mother every day that the doctor says

it is wrong to feed the baby oftener than the regular periods, just because it cries.

MINNIE. I keep my little baby sister very clean. I help to wash her clothes and I am very careful to rinse them well, and dry them in the open air.

ESTHER. Every day I bathe my baby brother.

BERTHA. Our secretary will now read the notes of the last meeting, and I think you will see that we have tried to carry them out faithfully.

FRANCES. On Thursday we met and reported the work done during the week. Our doctor was present and gave us a little talk on the work of the League. I made an outline from the talk—

A baby must be fed at regular times.

No feeding oftener because of crying.

Baby bottles must be well washed with borax and hot water, rinsed and boiled just before using.

Nipple must be thoroughly washed and left in borax water; when not in use in a covered glass—then rinsed in boiling water before the baby uses it.

During hot weather the baby's clothing must be very light. A muslin slip or gauze shirt is enough.

A baby should have a tub bath every day and, in warm weather, two to four spongings with cool water.

Plenty of fresh air. Room kept free from all dirt.

Baby needs plenty of sleep and quiet. Do not give it a "Pacifier."

Keep the baby absolutely clean.

If one cannot afford a doctor send word to the Department of Health.

We then closed our meeting by singing a lullaby.

NURSE. You certainly have done well, Little Mothers, and I am very sure all the babies you have cared for will be better for what you have done.

BERTHA. Let us close our meeting by singing our Little Mothers' League song.

Upon our faces shines a light,
Our toiling mothers have not seen,
America's high torch of white,
We bring to pierce their troubled night;
We little mothers of Fifteen—
Of dear Fifteen, of dear Fifteen,
And so our sisters and our brothers
Have each of them two loving mothers,
To make them grow up sweet and clean.

And in our homes new glory start,
And child and mother on us lean—
O School, that taught us this sweet art,
We lay our heart upon your heart,
We little mothers of Fifteen,—
O dear Fifteen, O dear Fifteen,
Your radiant light, your loving power
Shall teach our spirits till we flower
In womanhood, superb, serene.

(Written for the Little Mothers' League of
Public School 15, Manhattan, by James
Oppenheim.)

A GEOGRAPHICAL SQUABBLE

By ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS.

CHARACTERS

JUDGE.	UNITED STATES
JUROS.	CHILE (foreman).
	COLOMBIA
	VENEZUELA
	GUIANA
	ECUADOR
	BOLIVIA
	PERU
	PARAGUAY
	URUGUAY
	CANADA
	MEXICO
	CENTRAL AMERICA
PLAINTIFF.	BRAZIL
DEFENDANT.	ARGENTINA
WITNESS.	WEST INDIES
COURT CRIER.	WIND

A GEOGRAPHICAL SQUABBLE

JUDGE. The case to be tried is one of libel brought by the country of Brazil against the country of Argentina. The latter has stated that it is the more important country. Court Crier Wind, call the jurors.

COURT CRIER. Chile.

CHILE. I am a republic, 2600 miles long, in the Torrid and South Temperate Zones; contain highest mountains; rank third in commerce in South America. I export nitrates, silver, copper, wheat, and barley. My capital is Santiago; seaport, Valparaiso.

COURT CRIER. Colombia.

COLOMBIA. I was named in honor of Columbus; I am a republic; in Torrid Zone; land not much cultivated; capital, Bogota; I export coffee, sugar-cane, tobacco, cocoa, gold, silver, and emeralds.

COURT CRIER. Venezuela.

VENEZUELA. My name means little Venice. I am the most northern state of South America; in Torrid Zone. I contain Lake Maracaibo, and the Orinoco River drains me. Capital, Caracas. Chief exports are coffee and cocoa. Chief industry is cattle raising.

COURT CRIER. Guiana.

GUIANA. I am owned by three great nations; my three parts are called British Guiana, French Guiana, Dutch Guiana.

COURT CRIER. Ecuador.

ECUADOR. I am on the western coast of South America, in the Torrid Zone. My capital is Quito, on the Equator.

COURT CRIER. Bolivia.

BOLIVIA. I have no coast; am in the Torrid Zone.

COURT CRIER. Peru.

PERU. I am one of the most enlightened republics of South America, and am very famous in history. Lima is my capital, renowned for the Spanish bull fights. I have great mineral wealth.

COURT CRIER. Paraguay.

PARAGUAY. I am a very little country east of Argentina.

COURT CRIER. Uruguay.

URUGUAY. I am a small country east of Buenos Aires.

COURT CRIER. Canada.

CANADA. I belong to Great Britain. With the exception of Alaska, I am the most northern part of North America. I am divided into provinces. My capital is Ottawa; chief seaport, Halifax. My chief exports are nickel, gold, silver, furs, lumber, wheat.

COURT CRIER. Mexico.

MEXICO. I am southeast of the United States in the North Temperate and Torrid Zones. I am a republic, capital, City of Mexico. Chief exports are silver, coal, pearls, corn, cattle, and hides.

COURT CRIER. Central America.

CENTRAL AMERICA. I am southeast of Mexico; in Torrid Zone; consist of five independent republics and one British

colony. My trade is backward owing to the dense, rugged forests.

COURT CRIER. Witness for Plaintiff.

WEST INDIES. I am the West Indies; islands lying in the Atlantic Ocean, in the Torrid Zone. I heard the waves of the Atlantic Ocean echo Argentina's words: "We are more important than Brazil."

COURT CRIER. Lawyer for Brazil.

LAWYER FOR BRAZIL. Your Honor, the United States, and States of the Jury: I shall endeavor to prove to you what a gross libel Argentina has committed against us. We are the largest country in South America, containing 75 per cent. of the area and population of South America, and we touch almost every other State. Why, your Honor, we are nearly as large as you, the United States. We contain the Selvas with dense forests and beautiful flowers and we are drained by the greatest river, the Amazon, which is navigable for hundreds of miles. We produce more coffee than all the rest of the world. Our rubber supplies most of the other countries. Besides that we have some of the richest mines in the world. We have twenty-two lines of railway. Our capital, Rio de Janeiro, has one of the finest harbors in the world. Your Honor, and States of the Jury, I could go on for hours but I know it is needless, as you have surely come to the conclusion that the country of Brazil is more important than Argentina.

COURT CRIER. Lawyer for Argentina.

LAWYER FOR ARGENTINA. Your Honor and States of the Jury: I hope you noticed how cleverly the Attorney for Brazil left out some very important points. Our delightful climate here in Argentina is favorable to the develop-

ment of an energetic people in place of the inert people which the climate of Brazil produces. Most of our country is a plain and that allows the people to move around more easily. We are one of the greatest wool, beef, and mutton exporting countries in the world. We have more railroads than Brazil, with our fine flat country, therefore our products are carried easily to the coast and that makes our commerce with Europe greater. And then our beautiful capital, Buenos Aires. It is the largest city of South America, with a fine harbor, beautiful buildings and parks, good government, and best of all fine schools. Therefore, Your Honor, United States, and States of the Jury, you cannot fail to see how much more important we are than Brazil.

JUDGE. States of the Jury, you have heard the sides of the plaintiff and defendant. I charge you to weigh carefully the evidence and bring in a just decision.

[Jury comes back.]

CHILE. [*Foreman.*] Your Honor, the jury cannot agree in the verdict.

THE END

A GRAMMAR PLAY

By ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS.

(The complete sentence: My friend said, "Alas! the grammar is very hard, yet it can be turned into a pleasure.")

(NOTE: This play was arranged for a class beginning the study of English grammar. The children arranged the lists of prepositions and conjunctions in songs.)

CHARACTERS

Marks of Punctuation

CAPITAL

EXCLAMATION POINT

TWO COMMAS

PERIOD

QUOTATION MARKS (four)

Parts of Speech

BAND OF PREPOSITIONS, several children

PERIOD

INTERJECTIONS, several boys

SEVEN NOUNS AND PRONOUNS, seven boys

SEVEN VERBS, seven girls

ADJECTIVES, six girls

ADVERB

BAND OF CONJUNCTIONS, six or more children

A GRAMMAR PLAY

[Marks of Punctuation stand in front.]

CAPITAL. We are the lost punctuation marks. Some one wrote a sentence and forgot to use us and we are hunting our places. We are very, very important, although some children neglect us dreadfully. I am the capital "M" and belong at the beginning of the sentence.

PERIOD. I am a period. I belong after abbreviations, and after every statement.

EXCLAMATION POINT. I am an exclamation point. Some children call me by the baby name, "Wonder Mark." I belong after exclamatory sentences and expressions that denote strong feeling.

FIRST COMMA. We are commas. Whenever you really must pause in a sentence to take a short breath, you should place one of us.

SECOND COMMA. Before and after a quotation, to separate words in series from the rest of the sentence, to set off words in apposition, and many more places, you must use us.

FIRST PAIR OF QUOTATION MARKS. We always run out when any one begins to speak. But, oh, children do forget us.

SECOND PAIR OF QUOTATION MARKS. We always come

out when the person finishes speaking, and we are called "Quotation Marks."

CAPITAL. I see a band of Parts of Speech coming. We must try to find our sentence.

EXCLAMATION POINT. They are the singing prepositions.

PERIOD. I shall sing also, and we must be very polite to them.

BAND OF PREPOSITIONS [*Set to the music of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."*]

On, down, upon, above, against, amongst, around,
Beside, beneath, below, before, among, amid,
Aboard, about, above, across, until, into, aside,
Beneath, beside, before, around, about, below.

PERIOD.

Of, in, on, up, with, till, into, under,
Near, behind, before, past, above, beneath, below,
Over, until, beside, without, aboard, across, against,
Down, through, around, into, beyond, off, about.

BAND OF PREPOSITIONS. A preposition is a word placed before a noun or pronoun to show its relation to some other word in the sentence.

CAPITAL. Did you see anything of a sentence hunting its marks of punctuation?

BAND OF PREPOSITIONS. Yes, it met our band and we took our own. Come forward, "Into." [*"INTO" steps out in front.*]

EXCLAMATION POINT. Here come some noisy fellows.

INTERJECTIONS. [*Yelling.*] Hurrah! hurrah! ah! eh! tut! tut! alas! oh! O! pshaw! pshaw! An interjection is

a word expressing strong feeling and not related to other words in the sentence.

CAPITAL. Have you any word belonging to our sentence?

AN INTERJECTION. "Alas," come forward. [*"ALAS" takes its place in front.*]

[NOUNS followed by the PRONOUNS walk proudly in. VERBS come in at the same time.]

NOUNS. We are the Nouns and our substitutes the Pronouns. We are of the greatest importance. Without us and our friends, the Verbs [*point to VERBS*], there would be no sentences. Every sentence must have a subject and predicate. A noun is a word used as the name of something. A pronoun is a word used instead of a noun.

CAPITAL. Then if you are so important you must have part of our sentence.

FIRST NOUN. We have three Nouns and two Pronouns. Come forward "Friend," "Grammar," "Pleasure," "My," and "It." [NOUNS and PRONOUNS take places.]

VERBS. We are the Verbs. A sentence could not do without us. A verb is a word used to express action or being.

CAPITAL. You also must have part of our sentence.

FIRST VERB. We have three Verbs belonging to your sentence and one has two auxiliary or helping parts. Come forward "Said," "Is," and "Turned," with your helps, "Can," and "Be."

ADJECTIVES. [*Dancing in.*] We are the words that make everything clearer, plainer, more beautiful or more dreadful. An adjective is a word used to describe a noun or pronoun.

CAPITAL. Have you any part of our sentence?

AN ADJECTIVE. Oh, yes. We have "The," and "A," and "Hard." [ADJECTIVES *take proper places.*]

ADVERB. [*Followed ADJECTIVES in.*] I am an adverb and belong to your sentence. An adverb is a word used to modify a verb, adjective, another adverb or a statement. I am "Very." [*Takes place.*]

CAPITAL. [*Turning to POINTS OF PUNCTUATION.*] All we need now is our Conjunction "Yet," and then we shall take our places. Here come the Conjunctions!

CONJUNCTIONS. [*To the music of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."*]

Nevertheless, and, as, although, but, because, for, nor,
if, lest,

Or, since, still, though, therefore, than, unless, where,
whether, wherefore, yet,

And, as, although, but, because, for, nor, if, lest, how-
ever, since,

But, if, although, as, yet.

FIRST CONJUNCTION. [*To the music of "Hush, the Waves Are Rolling In."*]

And, as, though, if, lest, nor,

Although, but, because, yet;

Since, still, than, therefore, nor,

Whether, since, therefore, yet.

CONJUNCTIONS. A conjunction is a word used to join a word or statement to another word or statement.

FIRST CONJUNCTION. "Yet," come forward.

CAPITAL. Now our sentence is complete. Will each

character please say its name and then let us say our entire sentence.

[Each character says its name.]

Capital M My friend said comma quotation marks
Alas exclamation point the grammar is very hard comma
yet it can be turned into a pleasure period quotation marks

ALL. My friend said, “Alas! the grammar is very hard,
yet it can be turned into a pleasure.”

THE END

MRS. POLLYWIGS AND HER WONDER-
FUL WAXWORKS

By ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS.

CHARACTERS

MRS. POLLYWIGS. Dressed in evening costume; large hat; gloves.

JAMES AND CHARLES. Regular boy costumes or sweaters and bloomers if parts are taken by girls.

JENNY, the maid. Cap and apron; carries feather duster.

The Wonderful Waxworks

MARY, who had a little lamb. Street dress.

PAUL REVERE. Blue coat; three-cornered hat.

GIGGLER, the child who giggled in school and giggled ever after. Street costume.

RODERICK DHU AND JAMES FITZ-JAMES. Roderick Dhu in Scotch plaid costume; James Fitz-James in suit made of green lining.

DANCING DOLLS, four girls in white dresses.

RIP VAN WINKLE. Long tailed coat; white beard.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Very full skirt, stiffened; bodice; high ruche; Crown.

PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN. Red and yellow full cape; cap.

THE LEADER OF "THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE." Red suit and hat.

SINGING TWINS. White dresses, red hair ribbons.

FIRST SCHOOL JANITOR. Janitor's cap; long coat.

PAGANINI, whose violin is so very old. Long tailed coat.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH. Oilcloth or leather apron.

LITTLE JACK HORN. Short jacket; broad collar.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS. White Roman tunics; togas edged with red chintz.

Stage Material

A large oilcan, used in oiling machinery, one that will make a loud noise when punched.

A winder—can be bought at the Five Cent stores, and it is wise to always have an extra one in reserve, as it breaks easily. This winder resembles the old police signal, makes a loud rattle, and is used at the back of each waxwork to set it in motion.

Scene: The platform of a concert hall.

MRS. POLLYWIGS AND HER WONDERFUL WAXWORKS

The gestures used by the waxworks, after being wound up, are very stiff and awkward. Waxworks should run down once in a while at climaxes.

[MRS. POLLYWIGS *comes bustling in. Removes hat and gloves while the attendants bring in waxworks and arrange them at back of stage. Lively music by orchestra during this. Maid dusts them. Some do not stand straight and need to be propped. One falls over.*]

MRS. POLLYWIGS. Ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, I am Mrs. Pollywigs, one of the most remarkable women of the world, who has traveled all over the country with my curious and most wonderful collection of waxworks. I have the honor this evening to show them to you. A few of them were bequeathed to me by my great-grandmother, Mrs. Jarley. These, as you will easily understand, are very old, and often need repairing. But the others will make you gasp in astonishment. After many conferences with that wizard of invention, Mr. Thomas Edison, I have been able to produce these waxworks that actually speak and sing in an almost human manner. In fact some of them are so real that they often actually laugh without being wound up! Now, if you will give me your kind attention we shall begin this wonderful show. James and Charles, bring forward little Mary. Be very careful. This is the waxwork of the

child that really owned that little lamb. Charles, wind her up.

LITTLE MARY. [*Is brought to front of stage and wound and oiled.*]

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule,
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

MRS. POLLYWIGS. Bring forward that renowned man Paul Revere. So imbued was he with his mission and the help that his horse was giving that he unconsciously makes his feet move to the motion. He is a most marvelous exhibit.

[PAUL REVERE, *when wound up, constantly moves feet.*]

PAUL REVERE.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church Tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm

Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.

MRS. POLLYWIGS. Our next figure, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, is the saddest exhibit we have. It is a warning to you all. The original of this little girl giggled in school when it was wrong to do it. She has giggled ever since. Bring the giggler.

GIGGLER. [*Giggles—stops suddenly—wound again—giggles, etc.*]

MRS. POLLYWIGS. Bring out Roderick Dhu and James Fitz-James. These I am very proud of. They are almost priceless. They are not for sale. The tones in which they utter their famous words are the nearest to human speech that I have ever heard in any invention. Proceed, brave Roderick and valiant James.

RODERICK DHU.

Saxon, from yonder mountain high
I marked thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gray,
Deep waving field and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between.
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu?

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

And if I sought
Think'st thou, no other could be brought?
I'll never rest, until before me stand,
This rebel chieftain and his band.

RODERICK DHU.

Have then thy wish,

These are Clan Alpine's warriors true,
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES.

Come one, come all,
This rock shall fly from its firm base,
As soon as I.

MRS. POLLYWIGS. Now you will see my famous dancing dolls. Although they do not talk, I am sure you will acknowledge them most graceful. [*Dance "Maid of Mist."*]
At different times dancers run down and need winding.]

MRS. POLLYWIGS. Bring forward the leader of the Charge of the Light Brigade. This, ladies and gentleman, is the original leader of that famous six hundred—"Theirs but to do and die!"

LEADER.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

MRS. POLLYWIGS. The Singing Twins! (*Sing "Juanita."*)

MRS. POLLYWIGS. Bring forward Queen Bess. See her loyal hand! Many an unfortunate waiting maid has felt it. Jenny, recite those famous lines written about her.

JENNY.

She shall be loved and feared; her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow; good grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.

MRS. POLLYWIGS. Rip Van Winkle. One of those bequeathed to me. See, James, hold him. He cannot keep awake. [*RIP tumbles over and is taken back.*]

MRS. POLLYWIGS. Bring out Mr. McCormack. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the first school janitor. He has said the same thing so many times that he can say nothing else.

JANITOR. Children are a nuisance! Pick up those papers! Is it warm enough? Have you heat enough?

MRS. POLLYWIGS. We have now, Paganini, the great violinist. His instrument is very old, so are his joints. Be patient with him.

PAGANINI. [*Plays a few strains. Stops. Is oiled. A few more, etc.*]

MRS. POLLYWIGS. The Pied Piper of Hamelin. I had intended having a thousand little wax rats but was afraid of frightening the little girls.

PIED PIPER.

Into the street the piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!

MRS. POLLYWIGS. Bring out the Village Blacksmith.
Look at his sinewy arm. Hear him bellow forth his part.

VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;

And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

MRS. POLLYWIGS. Another of the works left to me by Mrs. Jarley. All he can do is pull out a plum. [JACK HORNER *puts his thumb into the pie and pulls out a prune.*] And now the two original Romans, who have done their part bravely in every schoolhouse in the land. Ladies and gentlemen, the original Brutus and Cassius.

BRUTUS. What means this shouting?

I do fear, the people choose Cæsar for their king.

CASSIUS. Aye, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.

MRS. POLLYWIGS. Our show is over. We thank you for your indulgence and wish you a very good night. James and Charles, wind up the works. [*All the figures, as wound up, commence doing their particular duty—dolls dance; LITTLE MARY "Baa's," twins sing, PAGANINI plays, etc. All walk off the stage performing.*]

FINIS

FOUR QUEENS OF ENGLAND

Prologues written by girls of 8A. Age 13½ years.

Epilogues written by girls of 8A.

Queen Stories written by girls of 7B. Age 13 years.

Jingles from a little book called "Kings and Queens of England,"
by BASIL PROCTOR, published by Chatto & Windus, London.

FOUR QUEENS OF ENGLAND

PROLOGUE IN VERSE.

Men have come and men have gone,
Been praised for good deeds, looked upon
As heroes of a nation;
But why should women neglected be?
Deserve not they a nation's fee?
Come forward, women of the past,
Your praise shall ne'er omitted be;
Tho' poets great and historians too
Your names forsake, ne'er shall they be
By us, the women of the free.

PROLOGUE IN PROSE

We, the women of this great Republic, look back into the history of the world. Full are the pages of the merits of brave men who have rendered to this world many good deeds. Although their deeds resound from land to land, we, the women, cannot under any circumstances omit our praise of the deeds which many great women have done. In England, many women have shown by their great will, courage, and education, that not only men but women also may help the country's welfare. From among the brave women of England a few queens may be named—Elizabeth, Mary, Anne and Victoria.

Women, great women of England, forward come!
And relate to your friends the fame you have won;
When the great crown of jewels lay safe on your head,
The purity, the goodness, of life which you led.

[As QUEEN ELIZABETH, *dressed in full, stiff skirt; pointed bodice; high ruche, crown, comes forward, the class recites following jingle.*]

CLASS.

In fifty-eight Queen Bess ascends,
And does her most to make amends;
She put to rout the whole Armada,
No easy task, but what was harder,
While many might their suit be urgin',
She till the end remained a virgin.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Well I remember the day when first I rode through the streets of London. When I followed the chase and came to the forest glade, nymphs awaited me. It was a happy day then, I had all new hopes and the spirit of life was in me. Everybody seemed glad to see me. The citizens opened their hearts to me. Yes, but that was in bygone days. I remember well when I was in a chariot followed by knights and courtiers, how a maiden, dressed all in white as Truth, lowered a Bible by a golden cord. I could not decide whether I should be Protestant or Catholic, and it was no easy task. I was in no hurry to marry. If it had been necessary to keep peace with other countries I might have done so, but anyhow, I liked to have them flatter me and I kept them in suspense. And the Armada! that was a great event. I can recollect the time when I, clad in armor, mounted on my white steed, rode among them, and made a speech which stirred their loyalty. "Let tyrants fear," I said, "my strength and safety are

in the loyal hearts of my people. I know I am a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a King of England. And in this fight the proud Invincible Army failed.

It was hard work to rule such a country, but I did my best and my people acknowledged it. Literature went along well in my reign. Shakespeare, good lad,—I remember the poem he wrote flattering me. And Philip with his Invincible Armada,—he thought I loved him, but I was only trying to get Spain. And Walter Raleigh, bold lad,—I took him into my confidence the first time I set eyes upon him and he was worthy of that title of knight. My reign may be forgotten, but I know that I did my best, and one thing that can never be forgotten by my people is defeating the Invincible Armada.

CLASS.

Mary, 1689–1702.

So Mary, James the Second's daughter,
Weds William from across the water,
William the Third—and hand in hand
They wisely dominate the land.

MARY. [*Dressed in much narrower skirt than ELIZABETH; lace collar turned down on neck; hair dressed very high; crown.*] I am Queen Mary and I was born June 30, 1662. My father had only two daughters, my sister Anne and me, and when he fled to France during the Revolution, I became queen. I heard the English people say that I am of a gentle nature and they all love me because I am so kind and good to them. I married William III of Orange, son of William II, and I became queen and my husband king in the year 1689. When I was crowned the Bill of Rights was passed, the third great document that goes to make up the unwritten Constitution of my land. It pre-

vents any future king or queen from breaking the laws as many of the Stuarts have done. I tried my best to fulfil all the Parliamentary rights. After this the Toleration Act was passed which gave religious freedom to all sects except Roman Catholics, and the Mutiny Act which gave me power over the army only one year at a time.

CLASS.

Anne, 1702-1714.

Thus eighty-nine to seventeen-two,
When Anne appears upon our view,
An amiable and worthy queen,
Tho' rather dull she must have been.
In fourteen Annie seeks her shroud,
And the last Stuart head is bowed.

ANNE. [*Dressed in low necked dress, lace turned down from neck. Hair hanging. Crown.*] When I think of the past, I can easily recollect the day when a herald came to my house and proclaimed me the Queen of England. Amid the shouts of the people, I was taken to the palace and given the crown. At first I was liked by the people, including the nobles, and nicknamed Good Queen Anne, but later they disliked me because they thought I was foolish. I believed in the Divine Right of Kings, which they considered a very stupid idea, but I would not give it up for the sake of the people. The war with Spain filled most of my reign. My army, which was commanded by John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, won every battle that was fought. That proud country, Spain, was so badly beaten that it lost all its pride. The fort of Gibraltar was captured during this war. After Elizabeth's era, mine comes in importance in literature. I ruled to make England a strong and prosperous nation, although it was not appreciated.

CLASS.

Victoria, 1837-1901.

And after him that priceless lass,
Whose wisdom no one shall surpass,
In all the grace of eighteen summers,
To shame put these poor futile mummers,
And reigned, as none had reigned before,
For sixty years and four years more,
From thirty-seven to nineteen-one,
Thus Queen Victoria.

QUEEN VICTORIA. [*Old fashioned dress; hair parted in middle; lace scarf arranged on head; crown.*] It was one June day, when I was awakened by a great tumult in my house. After arising I gazed at all the people with wondering eyes. There were bishops, archbishops, nobles and illustrious commoners. Have you any idea what they came for? What were they talking about to my mother? With eyes fixed on me one said, "I wonder whether she will be elated by her new honors, or self-possessed, or shy and embarrassed?" I remember when I was about eleven years old I asked my mother this question, "Mother," said I, "I do not see who is to be the next sovereign of England unless it is myself." I never received any definite answer to this question, but now I was answered unexpectedly. I was as happy as a lark when the crown was given to me. I then took the solemn oath which said that I promised to do everything within my power to help make my country one of the greatest nations in the world. I was welcomed most heartily and was always kind-hearted and loyal to my subjects, and so I gradually became beloved by my people. The happiest period in my life was my twenty years of marriage with Prince Albert, and at his death I was overwhelmed with grief. During my time there were many men

who were interested in writing, and this is what Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate, said concerning me,—

Her court was pure; her life serene,
God gave her peace, her land reposed,
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen.

There are many world-stirring events during my reign which I shall not relate to you, for I should think most of you girls in this assembly know many of them and even those who have not reached this grade where English History is studied I hope some day will. My last wish on earth is that I shall be remembered by my people when my work in this world is done.

EPILOGUE IN VERSE.

Stay now, ye honored queens of noble birth,
Prove that ye have been a blessing to the earth,
Show that the brave will ne'er forgotten be,
And woman can rule as we now see.

EPILOGUE IN PROSE.

Now, my friends, do not these people deserve to be remembered forever after doing such great and brave deeds? It was not an easy task to rule a country where the people were constantly quarreling about religion, government and other things. Although it was hard for Elizabeth, Mary, Anne and Victoria to rule their native country, they did it faithfully and tried to please their people.

Where'er brave deeds are treasured and told,
In the tales of yore,
Like jewels of price in a chain of gold
Are their names and the fame they bore.

Other subjects treated in this way, where the play is written by the children and where the whole grade is interested in studying the history of the time and in helping to get the play ready for presentation are:

Famous Characters of Europe Tell Their Stories—including Alfred, the Great; King John and the Magna Charta; Joan of Arc; Napoleon; King George III, etc.

The Coming of Lafayette—written to celebrate the Centenary of the Alliance of France and the United States.

The Hundredth Anniversary of the Building of the New York City Hall.

In Search of the New (outline of this in Columbus Day Program) written in celebration of Columbus Day to show that the discovery of America was only one item in the great march of progress in the world.

THE END

A TRIBUTE TO AMERICA

Arranged by IRENE M. AITKEN, Public School 15, Manhattan.

This dramatic exercise and the one following are used for morning assembly in a school made up largely of children from foreign lands. In the selections, therefore, is found that note of welcome to the strangers within the gates of America.

Any good patriotic selections may be used, and always with most impressive effect if children are trained to recite dramatically, that is, with gesture suiting the action to the word.

The following selections have been collected from many sources.

A TRIBUTE TO AMERICA

FIRST SPEAKER. "A nation is not a heap of sand-grains. It is an organism all alive, in which each cell and germ feeds each other and by each is fed. And as every cell in an apple tree belongs to an apple-tree, and every cell in an oak-tree belongs to an oak, and as no cell can live alone—not an hour—so does every child of America belong to America, and America belongs to every child of hers."

SECOND SPEAKER. "God hath made one blood all nations of men, and we are His children, brothers and sisters all. We are citizens of these United States and we believe our flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all people. We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country, and will show our love to her by our works. Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare only,—she asks us to live for her, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory a place fit to grow the best men and women, who shall rule over her."

THIRD SPEAKER. "What the United States shall become to-morrow will lie in the hands of those who are the children of to-day. If every citizen cares for his own gain alone, the country will become weak, but if every one cares for the gain of all, it will become strong, and the world will be the better because of the power and the greatness of the United States of America."

FOURTH SPEAKER. [*As the word "flag" is mentioned,*

the Color Guard steps forward; the Captain faces the entire school. Directions for Military Salute are given in "Young America's Manual," by John W. Davis.] "Patriotism is not the mere holding of a great flag unfurled, but making it the goodliest in the world."

FIFTH SPEAKER. "Our flag is the emblem of the supreme will of a nation's power. Beneath its folds, the weakest must be protected and the strongest must obey."

SIXTH SPEAKER. "The flag of the American Union, now as never before, tells of toleration and good-will, of education and of industry. It has welcomed millions from all nations of the world and has held out the equal chance to all who came under its folds."

SEVENTH SPEAKER. [*As this quotation is recited the school rises silently.*]

"O brave flag, O bright flag,
O flag to lead the free!
The hand of God thy colors blent,
And heaven to earth thy glory lent,
To shield the weak, and guide the strong,
To make an end of human wrong,
And draw a hundred million hearts
To follow after thee."

CAPTAIN. Color Guard, to the front, march! [*The piano playing "To the Colors."*]

[*When the COLOR GUARD arrives at the front and center, the CAPTAIN delivers the Colors to the COLOR SERGEANT, the GUARD and CAPTAIN saluting.*]

CAPTAIN. About face! [*The COLOR SERGEANT and GUARD face the school.*]

CAPTAIN. Right hand, salute! [*Executed by the SCHOOL and at the same time the Colors are dipped.*]

SCHOOL. [*Holding right hand in salute.*] "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

SONG. "America."

CAPTAIN. Color Guard, to your post, march. [*The COLOR GUARD proceeds to the rear of the assembly room, the piano playing "To the Colors." Signal—SCHOOL seated.*]

APOSTROPHE TO THE FLAG

Arranged by IBENE M. AITKEN, Public School 15, Manhattan.

(The following quotations have been collected from many sources.)

FIRST SPEAKER. "The flag for which the heroes fought, for which they died, is the symbol of all we are, of all we hope to be."

SECOND SPEAKER. "It is the emblem of equal rights."

THIRD SPEAKER. "It means free hands, free lips, self-government, and the sovereignty of the individual."

FOURTH SPEAKER. "It means that this continent has been dedicated to freedom."

FIFTH SPEAKER. "It means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child."

SIXTH SPEAKER. "It means that the schoolhouse is the fortress of liberty."

SEVENTH SPEAKER. "It means that it is the duty of

every citizen to bear his share of the public burden, to take his part in the affairs of his town, county, his state and his country."

EIGHTH SPEAKER. "It means that the ballot box is the Ark of the Covenant; that the source of authority must not be poisoned."

NINTH SPEAKER. "It means the perpetual right of peaceful revolution. It means that every citizen of the Republic, native or naturalized, must be protected;—at home, in every state, abroad, in every land, on every sea."

TENTH SPEAKER. "It means that all distinctions based on birth or blood have perished from our laws; that our government shall stand between labor and capital, between the weak and the strong, between the individual and the corporation, between want and wealth, and give the guarantee of simple justice to each and all."

ELEVENTH SPEAKER. "It means that there shall be a legal remedy for every wrong."

TWELFTH SPEAKER. "It means national hospitality, that we must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world and that we may not drive them back. Some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit, victims of tyranny and caste, yet their children born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent and free."

THIRTEENTH SPEAKER. "That flag is the emblem of a supreme will of a nation's power. Beneath its folds the weakest must be protected and the strongest must obey. It shields and canopies alike the loftiest mansion and the rudest hut."

FOURTEENTH SPEAKER. "That flag was given to the air in the Revolution's darkest days. It represents the suffer-

ings of the past, the glories yet to be; and like the bow of heaven is the child of storm and sun."

FIFTEENTH SPEAKER. "Every new star added to its blue field has told of a new State, and every new State tells of more farms cleared, more factories opened, more churches and schools set in motion, and more laws and courts to regulate them all and to assure the equal rights to every one.

SIXTEENTH SPEAKER. "Our flag hails us to individual duties and it insists that we set a compelling example, which will enlarge both security and freedom, both peace and prosperity, in all parts of the world."

SEVENTEENTH SPEAKER. [*As selection is recited the flag is carried slowly up the center aisle, the speaker following it with eye and gesture.*]

"Oh, flag of a resolute nation,
Oh, flag of the strong and free,
The cherished of true-hearted millions
We hallow thy colors three!
Three proud floating emblems of glory,
Our guide for the coming time,
The red, white, and blue in their beauty—
Love gives them a meaning sublime."

SALUTE TO THE FLAG BY SCHOOL. [*Salute as given under "A Tribute to America."*]

SONG. "Star Spangled Banner."

THE END

**A YEAR'S PROGRAMS FOR THE
SPECIAL DAYS**

A YEAR'S PROGRAMS FOR THE SPECIAL DAYS

GRADUATION DAY—JANUARY

1. Opening Anthem—"Lift Thine Eyes"—Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Harmonic Fifth Reader, page 126. American Book Co.
2. Reading of the Scriptures.
3. Hymn—"The Lord Is My Shepherd"—Smart. American Music Reader, No. IV, page 243. Macmillan Co.
4. Address of Welcome—A Graduate.
5. Quotations—*My Task*—about twelve selections from great authors recited by the graduates.
6. Song—"Lullaby"—Hiller. Silver Song Series No. 6, page 16, Silver, Burdett and Co.
7. Dramatization of "The Secret Garden," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Dramatized and presented by the Dramatic Club.
8. Song—"The Meeting of the Waters"—Moore.
9. Quotations—Patriotic—found in this book. Graduates.
10. a. "Salute to the Flag."
b. "Star-Spangled Banner."
11. Glee Club Selections.
 - a. "The Fairest Flower"—Hermes. Silver Song Series, No. 6, page 46, Silver, Burdett & Co.

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- b. "Hunting Song"—Smart. Schirmer's Octavo Choruses for Women's Voices.
12. Presentation of Diplomas by the District Superintendent.
 13. Song—Barcarolle "Tales of Hoffmann." The Coda, Ginn & Co. School and Orchestra.
 14. Awarding of Prizes by Chairman of the Local School Board.
 15. Song—"Wanderer's Night Song"—Rubinstein.
 16. Farewell Address—A Graduate.
 17. Address to Graduates.
 18. School Song, "Dear Fifteen." Words by Margaret Knox. Music, "The Orange and the Black," in The Abridged Academy Song Book, Ginn & Co. School and Orchestra.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

1. Hymn—"The Heavens Proclaim"—Beethoven. Rix' Assembly Song Book, page 152.
2. Reading of the Scriptures.
3. Hymn—"The Lord Is My Shepherd"—Koschat. Rix' Assembly Song Book, page 172.
4. Quotations—"A Tribute to Lincoln"—Descriptive of Lincoln's Life and Character.
5. Dramatization—"The Toy Shop"—Margretta Gerry. Published by Harper Bros.
6. Song—"Speed Our Republic." Rix' Assembly Song Book, page 11.
7. Play—"Reminiscences of Lincoln and the War." Arranged by classes in Public School 15.
8. Hymn—"America"—S. P. Smith.
9. Reading of original composition—"The Death of Lincoln"—Sixth Year Pupil.

10. Song—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching"—J. G. Holland.
11. a. "Salute to the Flag."
b. "The Star Spangled Banner."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

1. Hymn—"O Rest in the Lord"—Mendelssohn.
2. Reading of the Scriptures.
3. Hymn—"If With All Your Hearts"—Mendelssohn.
4. Patriotic Quotations—Found in this book.
5. a. "Salute to the Flag."
b. "Star Spangled Banner."
6. Dramatization—"Washington and the Spy"—James Fenimore Cooper.
7. Song—"Washington, My Washington."
8. Play—"Penelope's Christmas Dinner"—A Story of Washington at Trenton. Arranged from recitation, "Penelope's Christmas Dance," and historical facts of that time.
9. Hymn—"America."

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY—APRIL 23

1. Orchestra—Selections.
2. Hymn—"To Adore Thee"—Silcher. Harmonic Third Music Reader, page 26, American Book Co.
3. Reading of the Scriptures.
4. But the Lord is Mindful of His Own"—Mendelssohn. Assembly Song Book, page 164, Barnes & Co.
5. Salute to the Flag.
6. Reading—"Life of William Shakespeare."
7. Scene from "Will Shakespeare's Little Lad"—I. Clark.
8. Glee Club.

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- a. "Who is Sylvia?"—William Shakespeare.
- b. "Blow, blow thou winter wind"—Harmonic
Fourth Reader, page 63. American Book Co.
9. Scene from "The Tempest"—William Shakespeare.
10. Orchestra.
11. Scene from "The Taming of the Shrew"—William
Shakespeare.
12. Song—"It Was a Lover and His Lass"—Shakespeare.
Music by Morley.
13. Play—"Master Skylark"—John Bennett. Found in
this book.
14. Orchestra.

ARBOR DAY

1. Chant—"Alleluia"—Songs for Schools (Farnsworth),
page 101.
2. Reading of the Scriptures.
3. Anthem—"Praise Ye the Father."
4. a. "Salute to the Flag."
b. "Star Spangled Banner."
5. Quotations—"Apple Blossoms"—a collection of quota-
tions by various authors on apple blossoms.
6. Phonograph Selections.
 - a. "Spring Song"—Mendelssohn.
 - b. "The Butterfly"—Grieg.
7. Recitation—"The Story the Trees Told." Found in
this book.
8. Song—"The Years at the Spring"—Robert Browning.
9. Dramatization—"The Burroughs Club"—A Nature
Play. Found in this book.
10. Song—"Farewell to the Forest"—Mendelssohn.
11. Planting of Geranium Slips by the School.
(Each child carries a flower pot filled with soil
into the assembly room.)

PEACE DAY—MAY 18

1. Hymn—"Let There Be Peace."
2. Reading of the Scriptures.
3. Hymn—"Song of Peace"—R. S. Sullivan. Rix' Assembly Song Book, page 153.
4. a. "Salute to the Flag."
b. "Star Spangled Banner."
5. Reading—Summary of the work of the two Hague Conferences. (All the reading matter on this subject can be obtained from the New York Peace Society, 507 Fifth Avenue.)
6. Play—"The Meaning of Peace Day."
Introducing—
 - a. "The Fatherland"—Lowell.
 - b. "I am weary of your quarrels."
—Hiawatha.
 - c. "For I dipt into the future, far
as human eye could see"—
Tennyson.
 - d. "The Cherries of Naumburg
Town."
 - e. Many quotations from speeches
of famous men.
7. Hymn—"These Things Shall Be"—Symonds.

FLAG DAY

1. Hymn—"To Adore Thee"—Silcher. Harmonic Third Reader, page 26.
2. Reading of the Scriptures.
3. Anthem—"I Will Extol Thee"—Rinck. Harmonic Fourth Reader, page 58.
4. Quotations—"An Apostrophe to the Flag." Found in this book.

5. a. "Flag Salute."
- b. "Star Spangled Banner."
6. Recitation—"Old Glory"—James Whitcomb Riley.
(Different children may recite the different stanzas
and the Flag Captain answer the refrain.)
7. Play—"Making the First Flag"—Written by the
children.
8. "Flags of All Nations"—School sings all the national
airs with orchestra accompaniment and American
Flag finally takes most prominent part.
9. Song—"O brave flag, O bright flag"—Henry van
Dyke.
10. Orchestra—"America."
11. School marches out to music of "Old Glory."

GRADUATION DAY—JUNE

1. Opening Anthem—"Adore and Be Still"—Gounod.
2. Reading of the Scriptures.
3. Song—"Pilgrim's Chorus"—Wagner. Laurel Song
Book, Birchard & Co., Boston. School and
Orchestra.
4. Address of Welcome—A Graduate.
5. Song—"Mother Machree"—Olcott and Ball. Wit-
mark & Sons.
6. Quotations—"Education, the Foundation of Patriot-
ism"—Graduates. A collection of quotations re-
cited by graduates.
7. a. "Salute to the Flag."
- b. "Star Spangled Banner."
8. Glee Club Selections.
 - a. "Jocelyn's Lullaby"—Godard. Collection of
Octavo Choruses for Women's Voices. Luck-
hardt & Belder.

- b. "A Red, Red Rose"—Hastings. Schirmer.
9. Nature Echoes.
 - a. "Our Choice"—A Fantasy—Margaret Knox. Found in this book.
 - b. Song—"A May Morning"—Denza. Chappell & Co.
 - c. "Bird Notes"—Quotations concerning birds, set to music.
 - d. Song—"I Heard a Voice"—Glover. School and Orchestra.
10. Dramatization of "Barnaby Lee," by John Bennett. Found in this book. A Story of Old New York. Dramatic Club.
11. Song—"It was a Lover and His Lass"—Shakespeare.
12. Presentation of Diplomas by the District Superintendent.
13. Awarding of Prizes.
14. Farewell Address—A Graduate.
15. Address to Graduates.
16. School Song—"Dear Fifteen"—School and Orchestra.

COLUMBUS DAY

1. Hymn—"The Lord Is My Shepherd," by Koschat, in Rix' Assembly Song Book, page 172.
2. Reading of the Scriptures.
3. Hymn—"To Adore Thee"—Silcher, Harmonic Third Music Reader, page 26. American Book Co.
4. Recitation—"Sail on and on"—Joaquin Miller.
5. Hymn—"God Save the State."
6. Reading of original composition—A Description of the painting "Columbus before the Court of Spain."
7. Spanish Dance—Athletic Club.

8. Play—"In Search of the New"—Written by the children.
 - a. Leading the children of Israel to the Promised Land.
 - b. Alexander the Great seeks new lands.
 - c. Julius Cæsar invades Britain.
 - d. Christopher Columbus discovers America.
 - e. David Livingstone explores Africa.
 - f. Commodore Peary discovers the North Pole.
 - g. Colonel Goethals cuts apart the Western Hemisphere.
9. a. "Flag Salute."
- b. "Star Spangled Banner."

THANKSGIVING DAY

1. Hymn—"Come Ye Thankful People," or any suitable song of praise and thanksgiving.
2. Reading of the Scriptures.
3. Hymn—"But the Lord is Mindful of His Own"—Mendelssohn. Assembly Song Book, page 164.
4. Reading—Two Proclamations.
 - a. President Lincoln's in 1863.
 - b. The President's this year.
5. Song—"Home, Sweet Home"—J. H. Payne.
6. Play—"Thanksgiving Day in 1696." Found in this book.
Songs by School.
Witches' Dance.
7. Song—"The Breaking Waves Dashed High"—Hemans.
8. a. "Salute to the Flag."
- b. "Star Spangled Banner."

CHRISTMAS

1. Hymn—"The Lord Is My Shepherd"—Koschat.
Rix' Assembly Song Book, page 172.
2. Reading of the Scriptures.
3. Song—"Give Us Thy Grace."
4. Play—"Mother Goose's Christmas Party"—Arranged
by the children. Introducing all the well known
Mother Goose characters.
5. Recitation—"It Was the Night Before Christmas"—
C. C. Moore.
6. Play—"The Cratchit's Christmas Dinner"—Charles
Dickens.
7. Round—"A Southerly Wind."
8. Play—"The Ruggles' Christmas Party"—Kate
Douglas Wiggins. Found in "The Birds' Christmas Carol."
9. a. "Flag Salute."
b. "Star Spangled Banner."
10. School Song—"Dear Fifteen."
School and Orchestra.

AFTER SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

LITTLE MOTHERS' LEAGUE DAY

PART I

Little Mothers come together and sing their League Song.

- a. "Salute to the Flag."
- b. "Star Spangled Banner."

March of the Nations with symbolic music.

- a. Greek Dance.
- b. Spartan War Song.
- c. Japanese Dance.
- d. Indian Dance.

March of the Early Child Industry.

- a. Children of the Cotton Mills.
- b. Children of the Mines.
- c. Children of the Stores.

PART II

Child of To-Day.

Model Little Mothers.

Relics of Unenlightened Days.

Children dressed as	{	bananas,
	{	soothing syrup bottles,
	{	nipples for milk bottles.

Bottle Drill.

Boys using baby bottles as dumb bells.

Necessities for baby's comfort and health—Showing proper
bed, bathing necessities, clothing, etc.

Sunflower Dance.

The ideal baby in the hot summer—About twenty children, carrying large paper sunflowers, dance the “Flower Dance,” while tiny children run in and out among the dancers.

School Song—“Dear Fifteen.”

Orchestra.

DRAMATIC CLUB ENTERTAINMENT

Time for production—two hours.

1. Piano Solo.
2. Round—“Three Blind Mice.”
3. Recitation—Chariot Race from “Ben Hur.” In Shoemaker’s Best Selections, No. 16.
4. Vocal Solo—“Mother Machree”—Olcott and Ball. Witmark & Sons.
5. Moving Pictures—Lady of the Lake. (One girl stands to the side and announces the picture while the others act it. Music.)

James Fitz-James, lost in the forest, bewails his dead horse.

At his bugle call, Ellen, the Lady of the Lake, appears. At Ellen’s home he recognizes the Douglas sword. Is welcomed by Lady Margaret.

His sleep is troubled with curious dreams. (Singing during this picture.)

Ellen and old Allan-bane watch his canoe float down the lake.

Roderick Dhu and his men arrive. At the same time Douglas and Malcolm arrive.

Roderick Dhu, after declaring that the King’s men are in pursuit, asks for the hand of Ellen and is refused by Douglas.

Roderick Dhu and Malcolm part in anger.

Calling together of the clan.

James Fitz-James comes again and finds Ellen at the Goblin's Cave. He proposes and she tells him of her love for Malcom. He gives her a ring that will insure help from Scotland's King.

He is warned by Mad Blanche. Red Murdoch, his treacherous guide, tries to shoot him, and shoots Mad Blanche. James Fitz-James swears revenge on Roderick Dhu. Meeting of Roderick Dhu and James Fitz-James. Roderick Dhu calls his clan. Both declare themselves.

The combat at Coilantogle Ford, in which Roderick Dhu is mortally wounded.

The Court of Scotland. Ellen discovers that James Fitz-James is King of Scotland. Douglas pardoned. The doom of Malcolm.

6. Dance—Highland Fling—Danced by boys in Scotch costume.
7. Play—"The Foam Maiden"—Mackay.
8. Monologue—"Keeping a Seat at the Benefit." In "Monologues," by Beatrice Herford. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.
9. Play—"The Three Wishes"—Mackay.
10. Dance—"Looking Backwards"—Ten girls with aprons, middy blouses, etc., put on backwards; sunbonnets, with the back of them made of crinoline, over the face; and false faces over the hair, dance "Reap the Flax." At the beginning and end of the dance the girls bow first front, then to back.
11. Play—"The Snow Witch"—Mackay.
12. Vocal Solo—"Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms"—Thomas Moore.

13. Recitation and Pantomime—"The Handful of Clay"
—Henry van Dyke. Found in this book. Musical Accompaniment.
14. Piano Solo.

NOTE:—The plays by Miss Mackay are found in "The Silver Thread and Other Plays," published by Henry Holt.

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